

# The Sketch



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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1903.

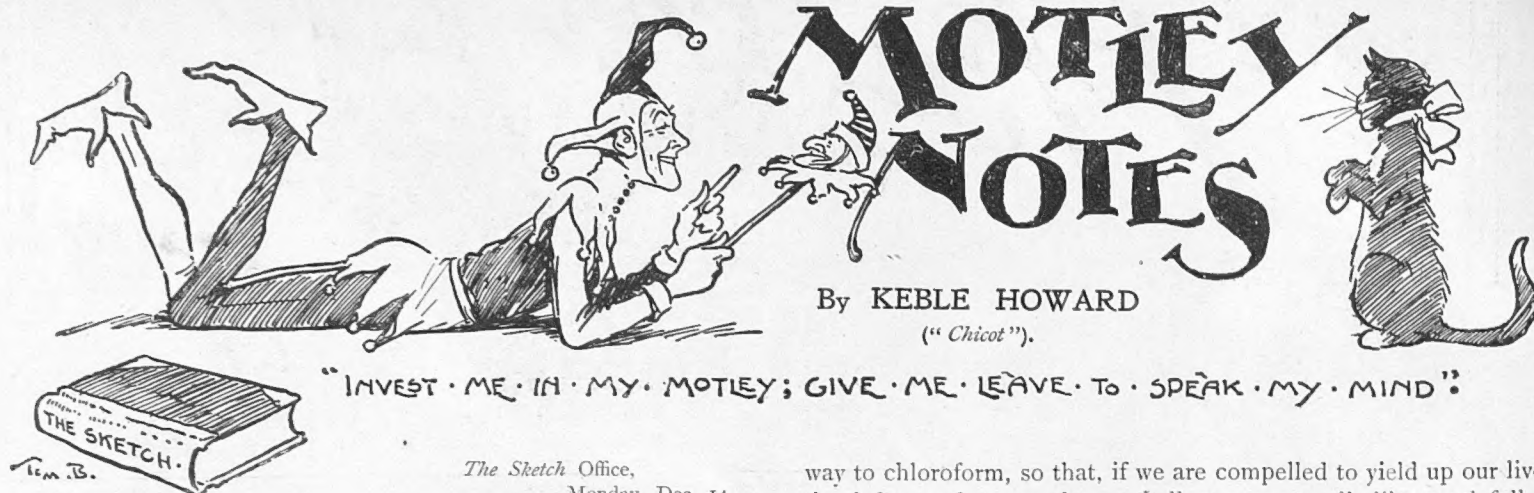
SIXPENCE.



[Ralph, Dersingham.]

THE SANDRINGHAM FIRE: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE QUEEN'S BEDROOM,  
TAKEN SOON AFTER THE FLAMES HAD BEEN EXTINGUISHED. HER MAJESTY'S BED STOOD AGAINST THE WALL FACING  
THE FIREPLACE.





The Sketch Office,  
Monday, Dec. 14.

A CORRESPONDENT signing himself "Nemo"—but who is tired, apparently, of being Nemo—asks me to furnish him with the recipe for concocting a musical comedy. In order to oblige my correspondent, I have made inquiries among those of my acquaintances who profess to understand this sort of thing, and the result I give herewith: Take one theatre. (You will probably require several theatres later on, but one is enough to begin with.) On the stage of your theatre place a low-comedian, a pretty lady, a handsome millionaire, a singing gentleman, an angry father, four or five minor comedians, and as many chorus-ladies as the stage will hold. Surround your Company with a lavish display of gilt, glass, and ferns, the scene being intended to convey to the audience the idea of a conservatory. Explain to your pretty lady that she is in love with the singing gentleman and is determined to marry him in spite of her angry father, who has arranged to sell her to the handsome millionaire. Explain to the comedian that he must assist the lovers whenever he comes on and fall backwards unexpectedly whenever he goes off. Order some lyrics from a lyric-shop, English or American, and pop them into the "book" whenever the story threatens to become involved. Sprinkle the whole production with dusty roses and coloured paper, and serve up as hot as the public will take it and the Censor will permit.

Somebody has been saying, it seems, that "love interest" in modern fiction is being relegated to a subordinate place. The foolishness of such a statement is enough to bring a blush to the cheek of the intelligent compositor whose painful duty it is to "set up" the words. A writer in the *Daily Graphic*, however, sees nothing nonsensical in the remark. "There probably never was a time in the history of literature," he adds, "when really great novelists could not dispense with that interest and yet hold the attention of their readers." Just as though that were an argument against the employment of a love interest! One might as well say that because a few agile gentlemen can walk quite nicely on their hands, therefore the time must come when we shall all cease to use our feet. I hate platitudes as much as anybody, but I must assure my friend of the *Daily Graphic* that Love is as essential to modern fiction as feet are essential to the modern man. Rob us of our epigrams, if you like; take away our sordid problems; delete our bungling, revolting attempts at the Zolaesque; but, for pity's sake, leave us our love interest. A leading novelist has confessed, publicly, that, the older he gets, the more difficult he finds it to take a keen interest in the love affairs of young people. Happy the author, I maintain, who can write of Love, honestly and convincingly, until he arrives at the last page of his last novel.

A famous London detective has been talking to a newspaper-man about burglars. His remarks will bring comfort to many a lone old maid for whom the fall of night means shiverings and startings that will not be allayed even by a night-light, a locked door, and a thorough search of her bedroom. "Burglars," said the detective, "now prefer to do a 'job' without violence, if possible." Breathe freely, little Miss Selina. Again: "The educated burglar who takes his profession seriously does not carry a revolver." You may strut, Miss Selina, if your fancy so dictates. Finally: "All really smart burglars are now wearing kid gloves when engaged at work." Was that a sigh, Miss Selina? Contrast, I beg of you, this sweetly-gloved, neatly-shod knight of the dark-lantern with poor, rough, uneducated Bill Sikes, whose imagination lacked cultivation so sorely that he could think of no better way of silencing a victim than the delivery of a stunning blow. Let you and me be thankful, Miss Selina, that we have lived to see such an increase of education among the more reputable members of the burgling profession. Let us rejoice that the bludgeon has given

way to chloroform, so that, if we are compelled to yield up our lives in the defence of our goods, we shall, at any rate, die like gentlefolk.

I wonder if there is anyone who really likes lending books—anyone, that is to say, except an official in a public lending-library. For my own part, I candidly admit that the man or woman who borrows one of my books runs a grave risk of forfeiting my friendship. One would not mind so much, perhaps, if the volumes were ever returned. But they never are; the shelf from which the book has been taken wears a mournful, desecrated appearance for six months or so, and then another volume is found to fill the gap. The intrinsic value of the book, very often, is a mere nothing. It would be quite a simple thing to buy another copy of the same work. But a copy that one has read is a familiar thing, whilst a new copy never seems to make real friends with the other volumes on the shelf. I look upon my books, too, as furniture, decorations, what you will. I like to have them about me, to look at their bindings in the half-light, to feel that they are there when I am dozing off before the fire. A man might just as well borrow one of my vases, or one of my pictures, as a book. Just imagine what a fearful thing it would be if one's friends got into the habit of borrowing pictures. "That's an awfully jolly thing you've got there, old man! Just lend it me for a month or two, will you?" The idea seems absurd, but the people who borrow books are just as likely to borrow anything else.

A neat little edition of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" has just been published by Messrs. Cassell and Company. In a very interesting, gracefully-written Introduction, Mr. L. F. Austin has something kind to say about modern writers. "Hearts are still garrulous," he admits, "about their illusions, and we are aware of the egoist who lays hands on the universe, and dedicates it to his small soul. But novelists and essayists, in the main, are striving to put to sober use the frankly personal vision they have inherited from Sterne." Coming from so level-headed a critic, this tribute will be appreciated by the writing fraternity. So many people, qualified and unqualified, take it upon themselves to sneer at the author of to-day that he is apt to approach his work with a groan of apprehension and leave it with a sigh of dissatisfaction. The same parrot that cries, "There is not a single statesman in the House of Commons," can also repeat, quite distinctly, "We have no writers to-day." It is all the more pleasant, then, to find Mr. Austin giving the neck of that miserable bird a nasty twist.

Poor "Dagonet" is in a fine state of mind about things in general. In yesterday's *Referee* I found him declaring, gloomily enough, that there was no peace in the world just now, and, where the struggle for wealth was fierce, very little goodwill. Statements of this kind, of course, are generally traceable to an impaired digestion or a sluggish liver. "Dagonet," we all know, believes in high tea, dry meals, and other fads and fancies never dreamed of in the days of Dickens. Could Dickens, do you suppose, have written so joyously of steaming punch and Tiny Tim's Christmas-pudding if he had indulged in dry meals and eschewed suet? Would Thackeray have found his way to the Cave of Harmony if he had made it a strict rule to go to bed at ten-thirty after a supper of bread-and-milk? Should we have had the Kitchen Scene in "Twelfth Night" if Master William Shakspeare had never stolen deer from Sir Thomas Lucy's grounds at Charlecote, or quaffed a bumper to Anne Hathaway's pretty eyes? And you, too, Sir Dagonet, have a duty to perform at this season of the year. We expect that the genial Jester of the Round Table will shake his bells at us, wave his bauble above his head, and serve up Christmas chestnuts with a light heart. Chestnuts, I know, are shunned by the dyspeptic, but, oddly enough, they are almost harmless during the month of December. Gentlemen, Sir Dagonet will take punch with you!



THE SAVOY COMPANY IN MUSICAL FARCE.

"THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS."



SKETCHES OF "THE EARL AND THE GIRL" (AT THE ADELPHI) BY RALPH CLEAVER.



## THE CLUBMAN.

*A Minister-Plenipotentiary—How Sir John Harrington is Going to Abyssinia—Alwar and its Rulers.*

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON is no longer the British Agent to the Court of the Emperor Menelik; he is now Minister-Plenipotentiary, which not only gives him a higher rank, but pays a fine compliment to the Christian Emperor and Abyssinia, for the importance of a country is shown by the official rank of the

representatives accredited to it, and if Abyssinia continues her progress in civilisation and remains our friend and ally she may before very long find a British Ambassador accredited to Adis Abbaba.

Sir John is about to return to the Capital of Abyssinia by water, going up the branch of the Nile which rises in that Empire, and is starting on his voyage from Khartoum, which is rapidly becoming the Clapham Junction of Southern Egypt. His companions and hosts on this journey are Mr. and Mrs. McMillan and Mr. Charles Bulpit. Mr. McMillan has already had some experience of the Upper Nile waters, for he



THE HON. CHARLOTTE KNOLLYS,  
WHO SAVED THE QUEEN'S LIFE ON THE OCCASION OF THE  
SANDRINGHAM FIRE.

*Photograph by W. and D. Dooney, Ebury Street, S.W.*

attempted in the spring of this year to come down the branch of the river which he is now going to ascend, but some of his boats were swamped either by running upon rocks or upon hippopotami, which are just as dangerous to a light boat as any boulders.

Mr. McMillan is a giant in stature, an American, and a most steady shot at big game. So sure is he of his aim that anyone who happens to be with him has no need to feel nervous, and the photographer who was with him last spring succeeded in taking a unique photograph of a charging lion just as it was shot. There are not many photographers who are anxious to photograph a ferocious lion unless he is in a cage, and when a lion charges, as a rule, the photographer presses the button and the lion does the rest.

Mr. Charles Bulpit, the other leader of the party, used to be known as a splendid "all-round" athlete, and he has now made a name for himself as an explorer and a fine big-game shot. Abyssinia is an old hunting-ground with him, and he has before made by land a parallel journey to the one he is now going to undertake by water.

There never was a better "found" expedition than this one, for every possible hindrance has been foreseen, and, as far as can be, provided against; and boats, provisions, saddles, and dogs, which are very necessary as camp-guards and for lion-hunting, have all gone on to Gordon's city at the fork of the Nile. The dogs are lurchers, and are so fierce that two of them anticipated their combats with lions and fought, each killing the other. Besides the heads of the party—just a four for Bridge—there are a doctor and a geologist. When the Capital of Abyssinia is reached, Messrs. McMillan and Bulpit go off into quite unknown country on an exploring expedition.

It is understood that Sir Curzon Wyllie, who is a very experienced Indian official, is travelling through India making arrangements for the tour of the Prince of Wales, and was present for that reason at the enthronement of the little Maharajah of Alwar. The visit of the heir to the throne was promised to India at the time of the Great Durbar; but the Prince did not go to India this winter for several reasons, the chief one being that it was thought unwise to put the Rajahs and Maharajahs who will entertain His Royal Highness to the expense they will be sure to incur so soon after their great outlay on preparations for the Delhi Durbar.

Alwar, where the presence of the Viceroy and of Sir Curzon Wyllie has brought the visit of the Prince of Wales once more into the mouths of men, is a semi-independent State which has suffered much from the lavishness of its rulers. There was a Maharajah of Alwar who reigned in the 'sixties as an independent monarch, and, finding nearly two hundred thousand pounds to the credit of the State when he mounted the "gadi," showed a balance of over two hundred thousand on the wrong

side after seven years of very merry rule. Then the Supreme Government stepped in and appointed a British Resident, with a Council of five chiefs to assist him, and the European really ruled the State.

The lad now established as ruling Prince is a good-looking boy who has been trained according to the most modern ideas of the education of Princes. He rode with the other young rulers of India in the Cadet Corps at the Great Durbar, and has an Army of his own of some thousands of men. He has a long, white-arched Palace at Alwar, with two great shelters resembling umbrellas on the roof.

## THE FIRE AT SANDRINGHAM.

What might have been a terrible tragedy and national calamity was averted at Sandringham early last Thursday morning by the happy circumstance that the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, the Queen's faithful servant and friend, awoke in the nick of time and hurried downstairs to arouse Her Majesty. Various reports as to the origin of the fire were current for a time, one being that it was caused by the fusing of electric wires. However, it was finally ascertained that the outbreak was attributable to the concrete bed of the stove in Miss Knollys' room being of insufficient thickness, so that the fire had burnt through and ignited a heavy beam underneath which passed immediately over the Queen's bedroom. Happily, the Sandringham Fire Brigade, under the supervision of Her Majesty's Secretary, General Sir Dighton Probyn, proved fully equal to the occasion, and, while considerable damage was done by both fire and water, the outbreak was soon got under, though, not long after the Queen had left her room, a portion of the ceiling collapsed. The King, who was staying at Elveden Hall, received the news at an early hour, and later a special messenger was sent by the Queen to reassure him. His Majesty visited the scene of the fire on Saturday.

## THE SAVAGE CLUB DINNER.

On Saturday last the Savages held their great annual feast at the Hôtel Cecil. Sir Edward Clarke presided, and among those supporting him were Mr. Justice Kennedy, the Hon. W. R. W. Peel, M.P., Sir William Treloar, Kaid Sir Harry Maclean, Captain C. H. Stockton (United States Navy), Mr. G. Manville Fenn, Mr. E. J. Gregory, R.A., Sir J. D. Linton, R.I., and Sir Augustus Manns. In giving the toast of "The Guests," the Chairman made a humorous speech, and Mr. Justice Kennedy and Sir Augustus Manns responded. Mr. Peel gave the toast of "The Savage Club," to which Mr. Mostyn T. Pigott replied. An excellent programme was rendered by distinguished members of the Club and others.



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 On MONDAY, Dec. 28, will be produced  
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 Box Office (Mr. F. J. Turner) now open 10 to 10.

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 Journey, DEC. 25 to 28, inclusive.

**WEEK-END CHEAP TICKETS** will be issued on Dec. 25, 26,  
 and 27, as usual, but not available for Return Journey prior to Dec. 27.

**THURSDAY, DEC. 24. — A FAST LATE TRAIN to CHISLE-**  
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 ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, FOLKESTONE, and DOVER,  
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 1.6 a.m., LONDON BRIDGE 1.12 a.m., and NEW CROSS at 1.10 a.m. A FAST LATE  
 TRAIN to CHATHAM, SITTINGBOURNE, SHEERNESS, FAYERSHAM, WHIT-  
 STABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, WESTGATE, MARGATE, BROADSTAIRS,  
 RAMSGATE, CANTERBURY, WALMER, DEAL, and DOVER, leaving VICTORIA  
 12.25 midnight and HOLBORN 12.20 midnight. WEEK-END CHEAP TICKETS will be  
 issued by these Trains.

**CHRISTMAS DAY. — Several Extra Trains will run, but the**  
 Ordinary Services will be as on Sundays.

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During the Holidays several Trains will be withdrawn or altered.  
 For further particulars as to Times of Trains, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see Bills and  
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Here is the amazing record of ALICE HEGAN RICE'S two  
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## G R E A T C E N T R A L R A I L W A Y .

## CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.

A. B. C. PROGRAMME OF EXCURSION ARRANGEMENTS FROM LONDON (MARYLEBONE), WOOLWICH, GREENWICH, AND METROPOLITAN STATIONS TO THE MIDLANDS, NORTH OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND CAN BE OBTAINED FREE ON APPLICATION TO MARYLEBONE STATION, OR AT ANY OF THE COMPANY'S TOWN OFFICES AND AGENCIES.

SAM FAY, General Manager.

## M I D L A N D R A I L W A Y .

## CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.

The Midland Railway Company will run EXCURSIONS FROM ST. PANCRAS, with bookings from City, Greenwich, and Woolwich Stations, to ALL PARTS OF THE MIDLAND COUNTIES, DERBYSHIRE, LANCASHIRE, YORKSHIRE, THE LAKE DISTRICT, IRELAND, and SCOTLAND. PROGRAMMES containing particulars may be had on application to Mr. G. Arnold, District Superintendent, St. Pancras Station; Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, and Branch Offices; or to any MIDLAND STATION-MASTER or AGENT in the London district. Derby, December 1903. JOHN MATHIESON, General Manager.

## M I D L A N D R A I L W A Y .

## CHRISTMAS ARRANGEMENTS, 1903.

Relief Trains will be run from St. Pancras and other points as circumstances require in addition to the usual EXPRESS TRAIN SERVICES

BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND. LONDON (ST. PANCRAS) AND THE MIDLAND COUNTIES, LANCASHIRE, YORKSHIRE, &c. THE NORTH AND WEST OF ENGLAND, &c., &c., WITH

Family Saloon and Corridor Cars,	DINING CARS,	SLEEPING CARS,	Through Carriages.
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## CHRISTMAS DAY.

On CHRISTMAS DAY the Trains will run as appointed for Sundays, with the exception of the Newspaper Express leaving ST. PANCRAS at 5.15 a.m., which will be run to Bedford (with connection to Northampton), Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Sheffield, and Manchester, as on ordinary week-days, and will also call at St. Albans and Luton; and a connecting Train will leave Derby at 8.20, reaching Burton at 8.38 a.m. The 9.5 a.m. Sheffield to Leeds, &c., will await the arrival of the Newspaper Express at Sheffield.

UP NIGHT SCOTCH EXPRESSES will leave GLASGOW at 9.30 and EDINBURGH at 10 p.m., and Carlisle at 12.25 and 12.45 a.m. for London, and 1.5 a.m. for Manchester and Liverpool, on Friday night, Dec. 25, and Saturday morning, Dec. 26.

The SLEEPING-CAR EXPRESSES, 3.10 a.m. Carlisle to Stranraer and 9.8 p.m. Stranraer Harbour to Carlisle, will run, and the Steamers will sail between Stranraer and Larne as on week-days.

## BANK HOLIDAY AND NEW YEAR'S DAY.

On BANK HOLIDAY, DEC. 26, and on JAN. 1, certain Booked Trains will be WITHDRAWN. These will be found duly notified in the Time Tables and by special Notices at the Stations.

Some of the LUNCHEON and DINING CARS and THROUGH CARRIAGES will also be SUSPENDED on BANK HOLIDAY, DEC. 26.

## EXCURSIONS.

SEE CHRISTMAS PROGRAMMES OF EXCURSIONS, which may be had at MIDLAND stations and agencies on application.

## WEEK-END AND TOURIST TICKETS.

Week-end Tickets will be issued on Fridays, Dec. 18 and 25, and Saturdays, Dec. 19 and 26, from LONDON (ST. PANCRAS) and other MIDLAND STATIONS to the principal Holiday and Health Resorts. Winter Tourist Tickets are also issued to numerous places in England and Wales.

## ALL INFORMATION

respecting ORDINARY, WINTER TOURIST, WEEK-END, and other TICKETS, RESERVED COMPARTMENTS, CONVEYANCE OF LUGGAGE IN ADVANCE, and other arrangements for the travelling comfort of passengers, will be promptly given on application to Mr. G. Arnold, District Superintendent, St. Pancras Station, London, or to any MIDLAND Station Master or Agent. JOHN MATHIESON, General Manager. Derby, December 1903.

## L O N D O N A N D N O R T H - W E S T E R N R A I L W A Y .

## CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, 1903.

ADDITIONAL EXPRESS TRAINS will be RUN and SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS made in connection with the LONDON and NORTH-WESTERN PASSENGER TRAINS for the CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, full particulars of which can be obtained at the COMPANY'S STATIONS and TOWN OFFICES.

## EXCURSIONS

FROM EUSTON, BROAD STREET, KENSINGTON (ADDISON ROAD), GREENWICH, WOOLWICH, WILLESDEN JUNCTION, and OTHER LONDON STATIONS.

ON WEDNESDAY, DEC. 23.—To DUBLIN, GREENORE, BELFAST, Achill, Ardglass, Armagh, Ballina, Bray, Bundoran, Cork, Downpatrick, Dundalk, Enniskillen, Galway, Greystones, Kenmare, Killee, Killaloe, Killarney, Limerick, Listowel, Londonderry, Navan, Newcastle (Co. Down), Newry, Ovoca, Portrush, Rathfriland, Roscommon, Sligo, Thurles, Warrenpoint, Westport, Wexford, Wicklow, and other places in Ireland. To return within 16 days.

ON WEDNESDAY NIGHT, DEC. 23.—To Abergyle, Amlwch, Bangor, Bettws-y-Coed, Blackburn, Blackpool, Bolton, Carnarvon, Carnforth, Chester, Chorley, Cockermouth, Colwyn Bay, Conway, Corwen, Criccieth, the English Lake District, Fleetwood, Furness Line Stations, Holyhead, Holywell, Llanberis, Lancaster, Llandudno, Llanfairfechan, Llanrwst, Lytham, Morecambe, Penmaenmawr, Penrith, Portmadoc, Preston, Pwllheli, Rhyl, Ruthin, St. Anne's-on-Sea, St. Helens, Southport, Whitehaven, Wigan, Workington; &c., returning on Dec. 26, 27, or 28, and on Jan. 1.

ON THURSDAY, DEC. 24.—To Aberdovey, Abergavenny, Aberystwyth, Ashbourne, Barmouth, Birmingham, Blaenavon, Borth, Builth Wells, Burton, Buxton, Carnarvon, Coventry, Craven Arms, Criccieth, Derby, Dolgelly, Dowlais, Dudley, Dudley Port, Ebbw Vale, Ellesmere, Harlech, Hereford, Kenilworth, Leamington, Llandrindod Wells, Llangammarch Wells, Llandidies, Llanwrtyd, Wells, Merthyr, Newtown, Northampton, North Staffordshire Company's Stations, Oswestry, Portmadoc, Pwllheli, Rhayader, Shrewsbury, Swansea, Towy, Tredegar, Walsall, Warwick, Wexford, Wellington, Welshpool, Wolverhampton, Wrexham, &c., returning Dec. 26, 27, or 28, and on Jan. 1.

ON THURSDAY NIGHT, DEC. 24.—To Ashton, Carlisle, Crewe, Lichfield, Liverpool, Macclesfield, Manchester, Maryport, Nuneaton, Oldham, Rugby, Stafford, Stalybridge, Stockport, Stoke-on-Trent, Tamworth, Warrington, returning Dec. 26, 27, or 28, and on Jan. 1.

ON THURSDAY NIGHTS, DEC. 24, FOR 4 AND 16 DAYS, AND DEC. 31, FOR 7 AND 16 DAYS.—To CARLISLE, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Aberdeen, Arbroath, Ayr, Ballloch, Ballater, Banff, Brechin, Buckie, Cullader, Castle Douglas, Crieff, Cruden Bay, Dufftown, Dumbarton, Dumfries, Dundee, Dunkeld, Elgin, Forfar, Forbes, Gourack, Grantown, Greenock, Huntly, Inverness, Keith, Kirkcudbright, Loch Awe, Moffat, Montrose, Nairn, Newton Stewart, Oban, Peebles, Perth, Stirling, Stonehaven, Stranraer, Strathpeffer, Whithorn, Wigtown, and other places in Scotland.

ON EVERY SATURDAY UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.—To Bedford, Bletchley, Blisworth, Brackley, Buckingham, Leighton, Rugby, Woburn Sands, and Wolverton, returning same day or following Sunday or Monday.

To Newport Pagnell, returning same day or following Monday.

For Times, Fares, and full particulars, see Bills, which can be obtained at the Stations and Parcels Receiving Offices. FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager. London, December 1903.

## THE RIVIERA PALACE HOTEL, MONTE CARLO.

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LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

## WINTER SEASON ON THE SOUTH COAST. NOTICE

TO GOLFERS.—New Trains to London.  
EVERY WEEK-DAY EXCEPT SATURDAYS AND CHRISTMAS DAY.—From Bognor 7.48 a.m., Littlehampton 7.42 a.m., Worthing 8.22 a.m., Hove 8.39 a.m., due at London Bridge 9.50 a.m.

From London Bridge 12.55 p.m., due at Arundel 2.27 p.m., Littlehampton 2.36 p.m., Bognor 3.5 p.m.

MONDAYS ONLY.—From Hastings 8.15 a.m., Bexhill 8.31 a.m., Seaford 8.40 a.m., due at London Bridge 10.20 a.m.

From Victoria 5.20 p.m., due at Seaford 6.50 p.m., Bexhill 7.1 p.m., Hastings 7.18 p.m.

LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

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See Programmes obtainable at all the Company's London Stations and Agencies, or from Mr. Henry Holmes, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

CHARLES J. OWENS, General Manager.

## G R E A T N O R T H E R N R A I L W A Y .

## CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.

On Dec. 18, 19, 21, 22, 23, and 24, additional trains will be run to meet the requirements of traffic.

On Thursday, Dec. 24, a special express at ordinary fares will leave London (King's Cross) at 12.20 midnight, Finsbury Park 12.25, for Welwyn, Stevenage, Hitchin, Biggleswade, Sandy, St. Neots, Huntingdon, Holme, Peterborough, Spalding, Boston, Louth, Grimsby, Grantham, Lincoln, Nottingham, Newark, Retford, Doncaster, Wakefield, Leeds, Laister Dyke, Bradford, Halifax, Selby, York.

On CHRISTMAS DAY the trains will run as on Sundays, with the exception that an additional express will leave London (King's Cross) at 5.15 a.m. for Peterborough, Essendine, Newark, Bawtry, Stamford, Bourne, Lincoln, Nottingham, York, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, Batley, and Halifax, stopping at the intermediate stations at which it usually calls on Week-days, and connecting at York with trains for Thirsk, Northallerton, Darlington, Leamside, Durham, Gateshead, Newcastle, Morpeth, Alnmouth, Belford, Berwick, Dunbar, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, and Aberdeen.

## CHEAP EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON (KING'S CROSS, SUBURBAN STATIONS, &amp;c.).

On Thursday, Dec. 24, for 4 or 16 days, and Thursday, Dec. 31, for 7 or 16 days, to NORTHALLERTON, DARLINGTON, RICHMOND, DURHAM, NEWCASTLE, ALNWICK, BERWICK, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, OBAN, PERTH, DUNDEE, ABERDEEN, INVERNESS, and other stations in Scotland.

On Thursday, Dec. 24, for 3, 4, 5, or 6 days, to PRINCIPAL STATIONS IN NORFOLK, LANCASHIRE, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, DERBYSHIRE, STAFFORDSHIRE, LANCASHIRE, YORKSHIRE, NORTH-EASTERN DISTRICT, &c.

On BOXING DAY, Saturday, Dec. 26, for 1 day to HATFIELD, ST. ALBANS, HERTFORD, WHEATHAMSTEAD, HARPENDEN, LUTON, DUNSTABLE, HITCHIN, BALDOCK, ROYSTON, and CAMBRIDGE; also, for 1, 2, or 3 days, to HUNTINGDON, PETERBOROUGH, GRANTHAM, and NOTTINGHAM.

For fares and full particulars see Bills, to be obtained at the Company's Stations and Town Offices. OLIVER BURY, General Manager.

## G R E A T N O R T H O F S C O T L A N D R A I L W A Y .

THE ROYAL ROUTE TO THE NORTH, via ABERDEEN AND THE GREAT NORTH OF SCOTLAND RAILWAY.

Passengers to the North of Scotland leaving St. Pancras at 7.30, Euston at 8, and King's Cross at 8.15 p.m., in sleeping saloons, are not disturbed till they reach ABERDEEN next morning at 7.15 and 7.20.

The connecting train leaves ABERDEEN at 8.5 a.m., arriving at INVERNESS at 12.5 p.m., via Keith, Elgin, Forres, Nairn, &c.

Tickets may be routed to return via Aberdeen or Dunkeld.

## THE COMPANY'S HOTELS.

PALACE HOTEL, ABERDEEN.—Connected with the Station by covered platforms. Address: PALACE HOTEL.

CRUDEN BAY HOTEL.—Special Winter terms. 18-hole Golf Course—one of the best in Scotland. W. MOFFATT, General Manager.





GOSSEP

# SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

**H**IS MAJESTY is nowhere more heartily welcomed and is never freer or happier in manner than at the Smithfield Cattle Show. He examines the cattle with the air of an expert and shakes hands with many of the breeders. Last week, he made a close inspection of the prize-winners, commencing with his own in each class. He took particular notice of the Aberdeen Angus bullock which beat his own Hereford in the

championship competition as the best one in the Hall. It was interesting to see the King digging his gloved fingers into the massive back of the animal. His Majesty secured the special prizes for the best Devon, the best Hereford, and the best Highland.

## Hall Barn.

Hall Barn, where the King goes on the 19th and the Prince of Wales on the 21st to visit Lord Burnham, is one of the most comfortable country-houses in the kingdom. The millionaire proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph* bought this property, which is close to the historic village of Beaconsfield, from the trustees of the late Mr. Alan Morrison for £170,000, not, perhaps, an excessive price when one considers that there are some four thousand acres, abounding in game of all kinds, in a ring-fence. That was years ago, when Lord Burnham was still plain Mr. Lawson, and since then there have been additions and improvements innumerable. Most notable of all is the Turkish-bath, the presiding genius of which, Mr. Nelson, is believed to be one of the best *masseurs* in the world. In this range of buildings, which includes a large "plunge" of marble, Lord Burnham's guests can have every sort of shower, needle, or douche bath—even, be it whispered, a face-bath for smoothing out the wrinkles. And, if the favoured bather is famous enough, he is privileged to write something in Mr. Nelson's visitors' book, where he may also chuckle over some caricatures from poor Sir Frank Lockwood's pen. The private golf-links at Hall Barn have been admirably laid out and are beloved of Parliamentary golfers, from Mr. Balfour downwards, and Lord Burnham himself often plays a round with one of his sons.

## Historical Treasures.

But the mind is not less well provided for at Hall Barn than the body. The house itself once belonged to Waller, the sweet singer of Sacharissa's charms, and his portrait by Kneller is worthily set in the splendid carved chimney-piece of the great hall. At the far end of the great beech-avenue is an obelisk erected by the poet. The place, too, is full of associations with Edmund Burke, though the great statesman did not actually live at Hall Barn, but at a house called Butler's Court, not far off, which was burnt down long ago. Here he entertained Reynolds and Johnson, and the famous picture, "The Infant Hercules," was painted from the sturdy infant-son of Burke's land-agent. The boy grew up, and his son became in due course Lord Burnham's agent. Lord Burnham has the greatest admiration for Burke and has collected many relics of him, including the identical dagger which Burke once dramatically threw on the floor of the House of Commons. Among the modern pictures is Mr. Solomon's "The Bashful Lover." The lady in this charming work is a faithful portrait of the late Mrs. Edmund Yates. The grounds and gardens of Hall Barn delight the eye of every cultivated garden-lover.

It is interesting to recall, in view of the present Royal visit, that King William IV. and his Consort,

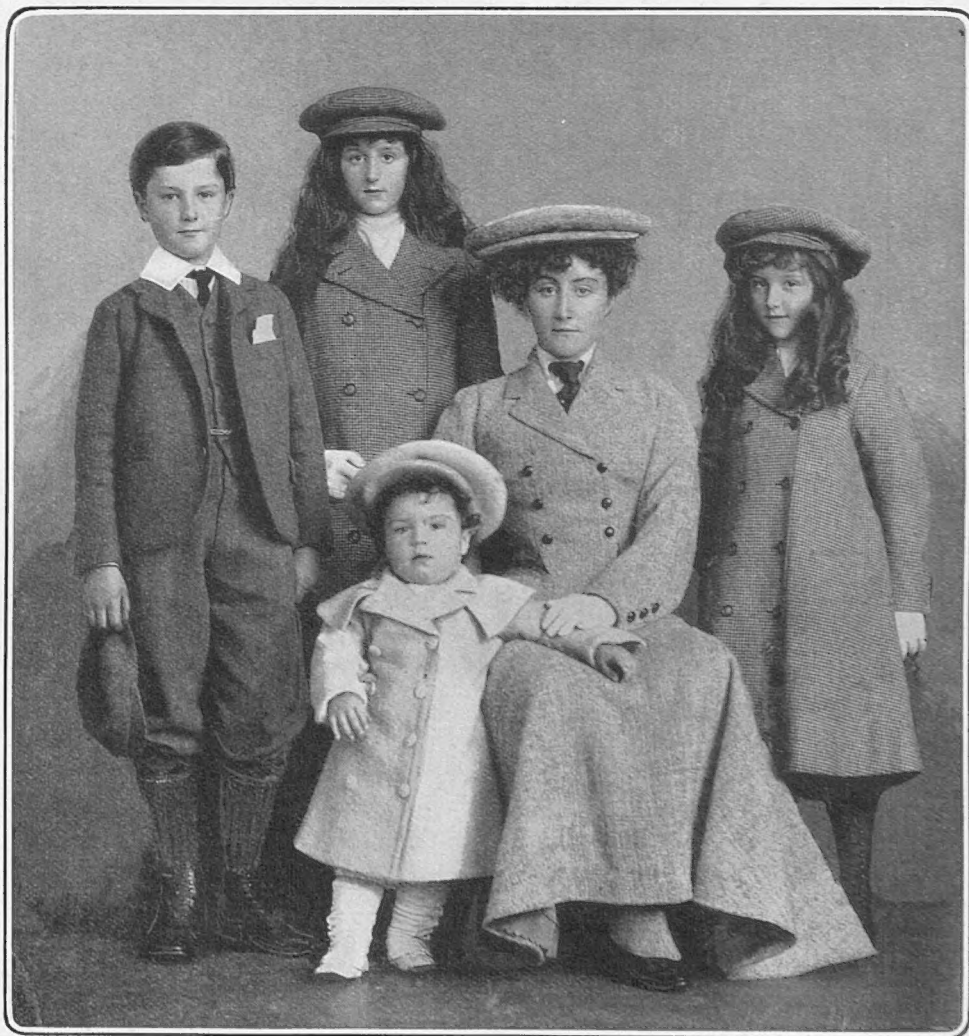
Queen Adelaide, were entertained at Hall Barn by a former owner, Sir William Gore Ouseley, a famous diplomatist, who brought home from Persia quantities of rare woods with which he decorated the drawing-room.

## Another Interesting Candidate.

Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt, like Lord Rosebery's son, is to stand as a candidate at the General Election. He is to fight for the Rossendale Division in place of Sir William Mather, who retires full of Parliamentary honours. It was for this division that the Duke of Devonshire sat during the latter part of his career as Marquis of Hartington. Mr. Lewis Vernon Harcourt, who is just forty, was the son of Sir William Harcourt's first wife, a niece of Mr. Gladstone's colleague, the Earl of Clarendon. He might have obtained a seat in Parliament long ago, but was content to serve his father as a confidential secretary. Now, however, he can stand in happier auspices, seeing that the Party differences are being settled. He is married to a daughter of the late Mr. Walter H. Burns, of New York, and has a house in Berkeley Square. Sir William himself did not enter Parliament till he was forty-one, but long before then he had secured literary fame by his letters under the pseudonym of "Historicus."

## A Charming Group.

Lady Dudley and her children compose a very charming group, for the Vice-reine of Ireland is still quite girlish-looking, and seems rather like an elder sister than the mother of her prettily named daughters and her sturdy little sons. At the present moment, Lady Dudley must be rejoicing at the success achieved by her sister, Lady Troubridge, as a playwright. Although highly educated and, indeed, exceptionally accomplished, Her Excellency has not as yet joined the great army of Society women who have written novels and short stories. She keeps well abreast of current literature, both French and English, and has always been particularly fond of poetry.



THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY AND HER CHILDREN, VISCOUNT EDNAM, THE LADIES GLADYS AND MORVYTH, AND THE HON. RODERICK WARD.

Photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.



*Mrs. Kenneth Wilson.*

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson's charming daughter-in-law was a Miss Halkett, a niece of Lady Hindlip. Few people have been more blessed in their children and children-in-law than the popular master and mistress of Tranby Croft. Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Wilson are so devoted to Mr. Wilson's hospitable roof-tree that they have christened their own home "Little Tranby." "Mrs. Kenneth"—as she is called in that part of the kingdom which might well be named the Wilson county—is very fond of country life and sport. Though she generally spends a season in town, where she is one of the most popular of the younger of those youthful matrons who entertain well and wisely, she prefers her life in Yorkshire, and it is there that she delights in entertaining her more intimate friends.

*The Hon. Mrs. Charles Coventry.*

Mrs. Charles Coventry forms one of the beautiful group of daughters and daughters-in-law of Lord and Lady Coventry which includes Lady Deerhurst and Princess Victor Duleep Singh. Her marriage as Miss Lily Whitehouse to the distinguished soldier who will live in history as having been one of the most daring of Jameson's Raiders was among the prettiest and smartest of the very early winter functions of 1900, the bridegroom receiving many Royal congratulations, for he is

*Visitors to the Riviera.*

Along the Riviera just now everybody is quite sure that King Edward will visit the littoral in March. Rumour goes so far as to declare that he will rent Lord Rendel's place, the Château Thorenc. The German Emperor's plans have also been settled for him. He is to go on a yachting cruise with the famous deep-sea fisherman, the Prince of Monaco. The Empress Eugénie will be at her beautiful place near Cap Martin, the Villa Cynos, in a week or two, and the Count and Countess Lonyay are busy looking for a place large enough to accommodate them, so the Riviera will not lack Royalty. It is said that Lady Gwendolen Cecil will be in residence shortly at "La Bastide," the late Marquis of Salisbury's curious place on the hills behind Beaulieu. It is now her property. Don Jaime of Bourbon, son of Don Carlos, the very faint hope of the Spanish Carlists, comes into Monte Carlo very frequently from the Italian littoral to waste a few hours, together with a fair amount of money, in the Salle de Jeu. The musical season is in full swing at present. The Subscription Concerts have been well patronised and very finely rendered by M. Jéhin's Orchestra. The musical event of the season will be the production of a new opera by Camille Saint-Saëns. The celebrated composer will superintend rehearsals, but it is not yet known whether he will conduct the first performance. Monte Carlo has witnessed the first performance of



MRS. KENNETH WILSON AND HER BABY.

*Photograph by Speaight, Regent Street, W.*

popular with all sorts and conditions of men, from the highest to the lowest in the land. Mrs. Charles Coventry is clever and cultivated, as well as exceptionally pretty, and she takes almost as keen an interest in South African affairs as does her distinguished husband.

*A Club for London Men-servants.*

Lady Hope's Club for London men-servants is now in full working order at Upper Berkeley Street. It is an excellent institution, supplying *bonâ-fide* men-servants with a useful *pied-à-terre* and many social benefits for an annual subscription of ten shillings a-year. The Club contains reading, writing, billiard, and bath rooms, and has sleeping accommodation for sixty at a cost rising from three shillings and sixpence a-week. There are four hundred members at present, and the expense of setting up the Club has been borne by Lady Hope. The place is run on teetotal principles, and one of the interesting developments in connection with it is a coffee-van, which can be hired by hostesses in the interests of the coachmen and footmen waiting for the evening's guests. The tickets are sold at thirty shillings the hundred, and when a hostess orders a series the van is sent into her street, so that coachmen and footmen on duty can be regaled with hot coffee, cake, and other trifles that must be very welcome on these cold winter evenings. Lady Hope, who originated the Club and has supported it since the beginning, is a daughter of General Sir Arthur Cotton, and married the late Admiral Sir James Hope, G.C.B. She is appealing for the patronage of the wealthy to enable the Club to be developed still further and extend the area of its benefits. Seeing that, apart from the Club, London's men-servants must depend largely upon the public-house, the appeal should not fall on deaf ears.



THE HON. MRS. CHARLES COVENTRY AND HER CHILDREN.

*Photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.*

several operas of late years, the most successful of these having been Mr. Isidore de Lara's "Messaline."

*Royalty and Westminster.*

The famous old Latin Play at Westminster School, which was one of the Ordinances of Queen Elizabeth, was given at an extra performance this year on Saturday last, the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, having accepted an invitation on that day. Queen Elizabeth is said to have been present on more than one occasion at the performance, but since her time it is not often that Royalty has graced the Play. For more than three hundred years the Latin Play has been acted almost without interruption, though rather more than fifty years ago an attempt was made to abolish it. This year the play is the "Trinummus" of Plautus, the other three, which are performed in turn, being the "Andria," "Adelphi," and "Phormio" of Terence.

*A Royal Baptism.* The little Prince Charles Theodore, the second son of Prince Albert of Belgium, will, it is now definitely arranged, be baptised in Brussels on the 28th or 29th of this month. The ceremony will not be held in church, but in the Palace, and will be performed by Mgr. Goossens, the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines; and the godfather and godmother will be the Duke Karl Theodore of Bavaria, the child's maternal grandfather, and the Duchess of Vendôme. The little Prince is a very fine child, and when he was born he weighed rather more than his elder brother did at his birth. His nursery is decorated in pink and white, while that of Prince Leopold is in blue and white, the colours of the Virgin and also of Bavaria, his mother's native country.



*Lady Jephson.* Lady Jephson is, perhaps, the best amateur artist in Society. Like so many modern women, she has found time for the pursuit



LADY JEPHSON,  
A DISTINGUISHED AMATEUR ARTIST.  
*Photograph by Thomson.*

of really serious art while being a charming hostess, a devoted wife, and, between times, a writer. Before her marriage a Miss Campbell, Lady Jephson claims descent from Robert Bruce, and, more recently, from a distinguished Peninsular veteran. Her marriage to the distinguished man who in course of time became Sir Alfred Jephson took place when she was quite a girl, and, fortunately for those who admire her rare artistic talent, did not interfere with her pursuit of art, for she was able to study long and seriously with some of the greatest Continental painters. At one time, few living artists were blessed with a more delightful studio, for she and her husband—then Captain Jephson—had the good-fortune to acquire a house which had been designed and built for Mr John Collier. Three years ago, Lady Jephson's exceptionally happy married life was ended, and since her widowhood she has lived in retirement, seeing only her more intimate friends, who include several of the artistic members of our Royal Family.

*This Week's Brides.* To-morrow (Dec. 17) takes place the marriage of Miss Violet Corkran to Mr. Walter Farquhar, and on Saturday (19th) that of Miss Stephanie Cooper to Mr. Arthur Levita. Miss Corkran comes of a distinguished family and has been for some time one of the most popular girls in the "smart" set. To-morrow's bridegroom is the grandson of the late Sir Walter and Lady Mary Farquhar, and the marriage will bring together a great number of smart folk. The wedding is to take place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and it is said that it will be attended by Royalty, in the person of Princess Christian and her daughter, who are warmly attached to the bride. Peculiar interest attaches to Saturday's matrimonial function owing to the fact that the very pretty bride, Miss Stephanie Cooper, is, through her mother, a niece of the Duke of Fife, while her father is the famous surgeon, Sir Alfred Cooper. Miss Cooper, who is extremely young, made her debut only last Season. Her *fiancé* has been for some years a wealthy and popular man-about-town connected with one of the great

City houses. Few couples have been more blessed in the matter of wedding-presents.

*The First of American Peeresses.* Lady Abinger, the mother of the gallant young soldier who carried on so finely the great military traditions of his family, was the first fair American who became a British Peeress. Her marriage took place forty years ago, her husband, a Crimean veteran, having met her when taking part in the Canadian Campaign of 1862. Lady Abinger has become, to all intents and purposes, an Englishwoman. She belongs to the more thoughtful and cultivated portion of Society, and is very fond of country life and country pursuits.

*The Kaiser.* I have the best authority for discrediting the many sensational reports which have been recently circulated concerning the health of the Emperor (writes our Berlin Correspondent). Though the illness of His Majesty was more severe than the doctors at first admitted, I learn that the wound created by the operation is now completely healed. It will, however, be some months before



MISS VIOLET CORKRAN,  
ENGAGED TO MARRY MR. WALTER FARQUHAR TO-MORROW  
(THURSDAY), AT ST. PETER'S, EATON SQUARE.  
*Photograph by Alice Hughes.*

the illustrious patient can expect to recover the complete use of his voice. If I may believe the assertions of an unusually well-informed friend, the Emperor, encouraged to rashness by the initial rapidity of the healing process, began to speak when his throat was still in an unfit condition to bear the strain of vocal exertion. The consequence was a setback and additional care on the part of the medical men, who urged on the Emperor the paramount importance of avoiding a premature use of his voice. The delay thus caused, and the fact that the semi-official Press continued strenuously to assert that the healing process was and had been quite normal, occasioned a widespread feeling of uneasiness in the German nation, which found expression in reports of a sensational nature.

The original eight days' estimate of the medical attendants having lapsed into many weeks, the "Man in the Street," indeed, began to suspect that the truth as to the actual condition of the Emperor was being withheld from him. A prominent newspaper ventilated this suspicion in the

published exclamation: "The nation is anxious about the Kaiser!" Fortunately, this anxiety is superfluous, and in another week the Emperor will be seen taking part in shooting-parties. It is quite possible that he will subsequently—to avoid the cruel winter climate of Berlin—go for a cruise in the Mediterranean. Indeed, his yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, is under preparation for the voyage.

*Grand Duke of Oldenburg.*

I am glad to be able to report satisfactorily concerning another illustrious German patient whose condition has caused much anxiety to his subjects. The Grand Duke of Oldenburg, who recently proceeded to Dresden on account of his cardiac trouble, is undergoing a course of massage treatment, which his doctor, Professor von Reyhey, says will in a few weeks' time completely reduce the slight expansion of the heart from which His Royal Highness has been suffering.

*German Population Problem.*

The German nation is now increasing at the astounding rate of nine hundred thousand a-year. Every twelve months more than two million Germans are born within the confines of the Empire. During the same period a little over one million die. The population problem demands the gravest attention of all German statesmen. In twenty-five years, at the present rate of increase, the German Empire will number one hundred million of inhabitants. Where will they all live and earn their bread? Little wonder that the Imperial Statistical Office, by its publications, should revive the many discussions on the necessity of a large Colonial Empire for Germany. The Anglo-Saxon race now increases at little more than half the rate of the Germans, who are the most optimistic race in the world and firmly believe that in the future ordering of the globe their numbers will prove a decisive factor.

*Princess Beatrice of Coburg.* Princess Beatrice of Coburg, whose visit to England was interrupted by the death of her little niece,



LADY ABINGER,  
THE FIRST OF AMERICAN PEERESSES.  
*Photograph by Thomson.*

Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, is about to return to the Isle of Wight, whence she will shortly proceed with Princess Henry of Battenberg and her children to Egypt.



### The late Mr. Herbert Spencer.

The death of Mr. Herbert Spencer, the world-renowned philosopher, which occurred at Brighton on Tuesday of last week, came as a surprise, for it was not generally known that he was seriously ill. Though for a great part of his life something of an invalid, Mr. Spencer was well into his eighty-fourth year, and had of late enjoyed fairly good health. Recently, however, he had been compelled to give up writing, and about a week before his death he fell ill, the symptoms of exhaustion increasing day by day until he passed away. By his death we lose not only a great writer and thinker, but a link with many distinguished people of the past. He was a familiar friend of the late Professor Huxley and of "George Eliot" and G. H. Lewes. Early in life, Herbert Spencer discovered that philosophy did not pay in England, for it is recorded that it took fourteen years to dispose of an edition of seven hundred and fifty copies of his "Social Statics"; indeed, he lost so much money over his various publications that, had he not faith in himself, he might well have despaired. A man of robust build, though too strenuous exercise of the brain sometimes led to a nervous breakdown and acute dyspepsia, he yet preserved an alert and vigorous mind to the last. While, naturally, many people disagreed with his theories and conclusions, he had earned world-wide respect, and most of his works have been translated into the various European languages, his book on education having a wide vogue even in Japan and China.

### The Hosts of Iwerne.

Lord and Lady Wolverton, who have been entertaining the Prince and Princess of Wales at their fine modern seat in Dorset, Iwerne Minster House, are fortunate in being both rich and popular. Like some other well-known Peers, notably the Duke of Bedford, Lord Wolverton started as the younger son of a younger son. At first, he thought of the Army, but afterwards entered a tin-plate business in New York. Suddenly his uncle, the second Lord Wolverton, died, and on the very same day his elder brother, who succeeded, was seized with an illness which quickly proved fatal. So Mr. Frederick Glyn, in a few months, found himself not only a Peer, but the owner of a colossal fortune, said to include three million pounds in Consols, as well as a vast block of London and North-Western Railway stock, and, of course, a partnership in the great banking-house of Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co. Lady Wolverton, once Lady Edith Ward, the beautiful sister of Lord Dudley, is very popular too, and the wedding was among the smartest on record. The King was there, and the wedding-presents were remarkable, not so much for their money value, though that was enormous, as for the evidence they showed of real affection.

The most curious feature of Iwerne is "The Skinneries," a

sort of pavilion in the gardens where Lord Wolverton keeps all his hunting and shooting trophies, for, although he is still quite young, he has travelled on sporting expeditions literally all over the world. It is interesting now to recall that he spent five months with Major-General Arthur Paget in Somaliland, and Lord Wolverton's book on that strange and now topical land shows that he has marked powers

of observation and a real literary gift. The two sportsmen shot seventeen lions, and the skin of one of these was graciously accepted by Queen Victoria, who had given Lord Wolverton leave of absence, he being at the time a Lord-in-Waiting. At Iwerne, in the library, are many books formerly belonging to Mr. Gladstone, with whom the Glyns are connected by family ties. The coverts at Iwerne are famous and the Prince has been enjoying splendid sport.

**The Czar's Health.** For some little time past the health of the Czar has given a good deal of anxiety in Russia. The Czar seems to be suffering from some sort of nervous disease, for he is in a very mournful and depressed condition. The doctors ascribe his state to his residence at Skernievice, which is in an insanitary condition, and is rendered unhealthy owing to the dampness of the climate and the fogs from the marshes round about. The Czar has therefore been advised to return to St. Petersburg, but the Imperial Family will not make a long stay in the capital, as they will leave at the end of this month for Livadia, where they will spend the months of January and February.

### The Simplon Tunnel.

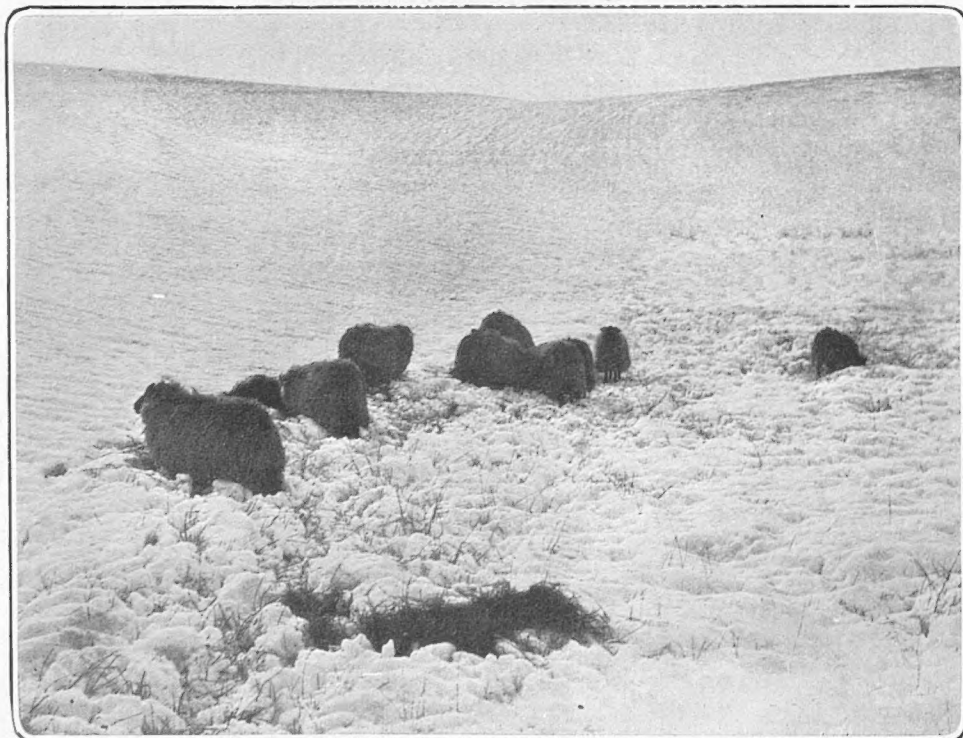
The boring of the Simplon Tunnel has been proceeding steadily all through November, the average rate of excavation being rather more than ten yards a-day and most progress having been made from the south. By the end of November more than ten miles had been pierced, and about a mile and a-quarter remained to be done. The works were interrupted for some days owing to a hot spring having been tapped, and, indeed, the number of springs struck has been the cause of many delays in the task. But, if all goes well, the boring of the tunnel will be completed during the summer.

Although not officially announced, the engagement of Evelyn, Duchess of Wellington, to Colonel Wellesley seems to be widely known. Colonel Wellesley has been for many years a popular member of Society, and he is connected with the Diplomatic world through our Roman Ambassadress, his sister, Lady Feo Bertie. His *fiancée* is the widow of the late Duke of Wellington, and she recently brought out a sumptuous work concerning Apsley House and the many treasures and historic souvenirs of the "Iron Duke" contained therein. Her Grace has great cultivation and taste.



THE LATE MR. HERBERT SPENCER.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



A WINTER SCENE IN PERTHSHIRE.

Photograph by Reid, Wishaw.



*The Mistress of  
Orwell Park.*

Lady Beatrice Pretymán is the fortunate mistress of one of the most delightful country-houses in the kingdom. Orwell Park is famed for its sporting amenities, and there, at this season of the year, Captain Pretymán and his charming wife, who is a daughter of Lord Bradford, are fond of entertaining large parties of good sportsmen, which frequently include the venerable Duke of Cambridge, who has been fond of shooting the coverts of Orwell Park for some fifty years or more, for he was as intimate with the late owner as he is with Captain and Lady Beatrice Pretymán. Lady Beatrice now takes her place among the great political hostesses. Even before Captain Pretymán received his late Government appointment, he was well known and popular in the House of Commons, and his maiden speech made quite a sensation. He was one of the most powerful and skilful opponents of the Death Duties, and it was said at the time that Sir William Harcourt acknowledged him as his most formidable though courteous foe. He is also an authority on guns, as before he succeeded his cousin, Mr. G. Tomline, he was in the Royal Artillery.



LADY BEATRICE PRETYMÁN.

Photograph by Speaight, Regent Street, W.

Lady Beatrice has the same number of children as has the Princess of Wales, and she is a very devoted mother.

*A Popular  
American  
Writer.*

Mrs. George Christopher Riggs is better known in this country and America as "Kate Douglas Wiggin," a pen-name she has made famous by a number of books remarkable for both humour and pathos. She is a native of Philadelphia, and organised the first free Kindergarten for the poor on the Pacific Coast; indeed, it was while engaged in this work in San Francisco that she studied those phases of child-life in the slums which she has made such good use of in

from his innumerable friends and contributors. It has been said of Sir James Knowles that no man living knows so many distinguished folk, if the Sovereign himself be excepted. He was one of the few intimates of the late Lord Tennyson, whose architect, indeed, he was when the Poet Laureate decided to build himself a second country home at Aldworth, and so delighted was Tennyson with the result that he graciously observed, "That"—pointing to the house—"will stand long after what I have written is forgotten."



MRS. GEORGE C. RIGGS ("KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN").

Photograph by Thomson.

some of her stories. Her books are widely read in the Colonies and on the Continent, and many translations have been made, some having been rendered into Japanese. Of all her works, probably "Timothy's Quest" is the most popular, in England at any rate. For some years Mrs. Riggs has paid an annual visit to this country, and the results have been "Penelope's Experiences" in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and "A Cathedral Courtship." Her "Diary of a Goose Girl," produced last year, was a humorous sketch of an American girl's adventures in poultry-farming in Sussex. Mrs. Riggs averages about a volume a-year. In her book for the coming season, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," she returns to the "dear old New England characters" so humorously portrayed in "Timothy's Quest."

*Mrs. Max  
Pemberton.*

The famous young novelist and editor whose latest published book, "Dr. Xavier," is one of those romances of necromancy in which the twentieth century so greatly delights has in his wife one of the most charming and sympathetic feminine personalities in the literary world. Mrs. Pemberton was a Miss Tussaud, and she has much of the French grace and charm, as well as the personal beauty, which were so marked in her famous great-grandmother, the Madame Tussaud who, after having been attached to the Household of Marie Antoinette, took refuge in England and founded the great Waxworks which still bear her name. Mr. and Mrs. Max Pemberton have a delightful house at Hampstead, and a country place where their many children can run wild and enjoy healthy pursuits to their hearts'

MRS. MAX PEMBERTON, WIFE OF  
THE POPULAR NOVELIST.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

content. Unlike the wives of so many modern novelists, Mrs. Pemberton has never cared to write herself, but she is a keen and intelligent critic of her distinguished husband's work.

*The Royal Lovers.* The charming district of Surrey known as Esher is much interested in the betrothal of Princess Alice of Albany and Prince Alexander of Teck. The kindly Duchess and her young daughter are now in residence at Claremont Palace, where they hope to spend Christmas with their son and brother, the young Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. Last week (8th) their Royal Highnesses gave a reception and small dance to which their friends and neighbours were invited, the pretty Royal fiancée receiving many heartfelt good wishes on her approaching marriage. The Royal wedding will, it is said, take place the first week in February, and their Majesties will entertain a very large party, including the bride and her mother, in honour of the event at Windsor Castle.

The Editor of the *Nineteenth Century and After* is receiving many warm congratulations



A CHRISTMAS-CARD FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

Sir James and Lady Knowles live in Westminster, in a quaint, pretty house, "Queen Anne's Lodge," situated under the shadow of the huge mansions which also bear the name of that dull and most excellent Queen. There the Editor of the *Nineteenth Century and After* delights to gather about him his more famous contributors, and it may be doubted if he has ever found among them a better talker than himself.

*A Highland  
Wedding.*

It seems that the marriage of Lady Constance Mackenzie, Lady Cromartie's only sister and heiress, to Captain Fitzgerald is to be that somewhat rare function, a great winter Highland wedding. As the bridegroom is a Roman Catholic, it is probable that the marriage will be celebrated at Beaulieu, where Lord Lovat, his mother, and his sisters often attend service when at Beaufort Castle. Lady Constance Mackenzie is devoted to Scotland, as well she may be, for much of her happy girlhood has been spent at Dunrobin with her uncle and aunt, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland.

*A Quiet Wedding.* Last week saw quite a number of exceptionally smart weddings, not the least interesting, but by far the quietest, being that which took place on the 9th at St. George's, Hanover Square, the bride being Cora, Countess of Strafford, the bridegroom Mr. Kennard, most genial of men-about-town and big-game-hunter.



## SMALL TALK ON THE CONTINENT.

[FROM "THE SKETCH" CORRESPONDENTS.]

## PARIS.

Our ancient and respectable contemporary *Galvani* is this week celebrating a centenary minus one. Published upon July 2, 1814, nearly a year before Napoleon's power was broken by the fight at Waterloo, the modest little four-page paper, about the size of the sheet of a schoolboy's copy-book, contained but little that would, in these days, be classed as news. A letter in those days took a full week to travel from London to the Ville Lumière. There was no telegraph, and very often, for quite obvious reasons, the English papers never arrived at all. In those days, when not alternating abuse of "the vampire tyrant and brigand of Corsica" with high-sounding praise of "the Emperor of France and the French," the *Daily Messenger* was filled with topics of such palpitating interest as a discussion as to "Why Literature is the Most Superior Form of Amusement." Then, like a thunderbolt, came the news that Napoleon had escaped from Elba. Yet even this did not cause the editor to "hedge." Napoleon remained the "brigand chief," and it was evident that no serious damage was feared. This is how the *Messenger* announced the news on March 9, 1815—

Bonaparte has escaped from Elba, where the imprudent magnanimity of the Allied Sovereigns gave him sovereignty as a Prince for the desolation which he has so often carried into their States. This man, who, in abdicating his power, has never abdicated his ambition or his frenzy—this man, covered with the blood of generations—comes at the end of a year with apparent apathy and tries to dispute, in the name of his usurpations and crimes, the mild authority of the Legitimate King of France. . . . At the head of a few hundred Italians and Poles, he dares to put his foot upon the ground that has rejected him for ever. He wants to open again the wounds so recently closed, caused by him, and which the Monarch's sacred hand was daily healing. Some dark plots, hatched by his treacherous brother-in-law in Italy, have swelled the pride of the vile warrior of Fontainebleau and caused him to expose himself to certain death. . . . This mad project will fail before the sacred name of Louis XVIII., the loyalty of the French Army, and the honour of her faithful chiefs. . . . The people will make a rampart with their bodies round the Throne. . . . The misguided men that surround the brigand chief, shuddering with horror, will throw aside their weapons of parricide the moment that they see waving in the air the Standard of their country and the helmet of Henry IV. . . .

The French land rejected him—he comes again—France will devour him.  
May it please God that he die the death of a traitor.

"Brave words, brave words, my masters. . . ." But how circumstances will modify the sturdiest opinion! In little more than a week, the "brigand chief," the "usurping tyrant," whom the Almighty was to send to a traitor's death and whom France was to "devour" in the defence of the "sacred monarchy," has undergone a remarkable change. Napoleon has entered Paris; the Capital is once more under his government; the Hundred Days has commenced, with, so far as the *Messenger* is concerned, the following result (March 23, 1815)—

The spectacle which the Capital presented yesterday when His Majesty the Emperor Napoleon reviewed the troops had the effect of disabusing the minds of those who imagined that France could permanently attach herself to the broken chain of the ancient régime and the ideas of the Fifteenth Century. . . . The view of the National Colours excited the most lively enthusiasm among the numerous spectators who filled the squares and terraces adjacent to the Château of the Tuileries. The triumph of Liberal ideas will also be the triumph of the country.

Yes, the change of opinion is abrupt; but is it much more so than was that of another and more modern journal not long since with reference to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain?

## ROME.

The sluggish, lagging Tiber, the bane of Italian engineers, who would fain establish a useful system of river-traffic, has during the last week transformed itself into a racing, swirling torrent, full of turgid, tawny eddies bent on invading every precinct, even the stately Pantheon. Already the floods are appearing; the Prati di Castello are under water, the narrow street called Ripetta is threatened, and the pretty little island on which rises up the Church of San Bartolomeo dell' Insola is surrounded by wicked, woe-betiding waves. At the gate of San Paolo punts and boats have been placed in readiness, and buses and trams have ceased their noisy trade. Rain has poured in torrents for days and nights in succession, and Rome, the scene of colour and brightness, has changed to a city of dismal gloom. Thousands of idle spectators throng the dripping bridges; placards warning the citizens of possible flooding of streets bedeck the walls of the town and then peel off in disgust at the downfalls of deluging rain. Rome and Romans, visitors and residents, all are "praying for the moon." When the new moon once arrives our sorrows will vanish, the rain will disappear, and Rome will once more gladden the hearts of its disconsolate sons.

Pope Pius IX. it was who instituted, in his eagerness to fan the flame of zeal for the rites of the Roman Church, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Pope Pius X. is following, as far as he can, in the steps of his predecessor, and for this reason is taking especial interest in the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception, which will be celebrated this week both at St. Peter's and in all the churches in Rome. A crown of costly diamonds will be placed upon the head of the statue of the Immaculate Virgin, and enormous throngs of people, amongst them thousands of tourists, are already looking forward to witnessing the scene in the Basilica. The diamond crown, which is of enormous value, is being guarded meanwhile with jealous care. Of late, many thefts have been committed in Rome by skilled and practised thieves, and specially thefts of chalices and other treasures of the Church. The convents are in great trepidation, for from them too much has been stolen, and, when once taken, the treasure is rarely recovered. A special cantata has been composed by Maestro Perosi for the occasion. Of this great Master I need add no words of explanation; readers of *The Sketch* know his works right well.

"Down with Austria!" "Evviva Trieste!" "Kill the Germans!" These and similar cries were vociferated lustily by thousands of Italian students in all parts of Italy, and in Rome not least of all. Hot-blooded students should abstain entirely from politics and not render more difficult than ever the herculean tasks of Ambassadors and Foreign Ministers. But the Italian student, like his brother in Britain, pines and frets for a row. He has no football, no rowing, and mighty little exercise; his surplus energy he loves to expend on cursing the "Jedresco," or German, on kindling fiery demonstrations, and on using his fists, his stick, or his umbrella on the heads of the municipal police. Until he introduces sport in the English sense of the word into his Universities, he will continue to fight the police, rant against his Government, and draw the blood of his opponent for the time being.



SEÑORITA MARIA LA BELLA, THE NEW "CARMEN" AT THE ALHAMBRA.  
Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



## MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

I CAN'T help thinking that they manage things better in France. I've been reading in my morning paper that a lady advocate has made a big "hit" in a provincial town, succeeding with an emotional Jury in the defence of a very great rogue, and, about the same time as "Our Own Correspondent" obliges me with this gratifying piece of news, our own high officers of Law refuse to admit a lady to the practice and privilege of the Bar, on the ground that the suggestion is something they never heard of before. You can't argue against this kind of mental attitude, you can but hope that the children of the high dignitaries who decide these matters will be brought up in a wider school and will take as a precedent the case of Portia in the action *Shylock v. Antonio* rather than the case of a Bench-full of Judges *v. Miss Cave*.

As it is in law, so it is in medicine. The worthy old gentlemen who slumber in the high places of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons cheerfully ignore the fact that women are admitted to take degrees and to practise all over civilised Europe. In London, the Royal Free Hospital, in Gray's Inn Road, and the New Hospital for Women, in Euston Road, are all that open their doors to women students, with the result that they are overcrowded and all women who can arrange to study on the Continent do so. Yet London holds many women practitioners of great fame and repute, the names of the best being as well known as those of men at the head of the profession. Some day, when the scandal becomes so noisy as to disturb their dignified ease, the members of Councils that exclude women from following professions will wake to the fact that science and art are sexless. Then, after a lapse of several generations, we shall accomplish what the Continental capitals achieved before the twentieth century was born.

I have been reading an interesting letter from Mr. and Mrs. Charles Manners to my morning paper about the English Opera season at Covent Garden in the autumn of the passing year. It was not a success, but Mr. Manners, quite undaunted, has arranged to take Drury Lane from the middle of May to the middle of August next year and try again. The impresario and his wife will sing for half-fees, dress the operas, and charge half the price demanded by costumiers, manage the

affair for nothing, and, if it pays, put the profits to the credit of a fund for the benefit of national English Opera. The loss on the season, if any, will be borne by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Manners. This is a very deliberate and generous assertion of faith in English Opera, and one would be delighted to see the scheme develop into a great artistic and financial success. What we want just at present is a national composer of the first rank and class—a man whose work is full of melody and originality. Where is he coming from?

In the intervals of using the military forces for the purpose of quelling strikes and putting a period to the uses of strikers, Spain indulges in her love for new Cabinets. Sagasta, Silvela, Villaverde, Maura—the number is remarkable, even though the quality is nothing to wonder at. A Cabinet is made, the Premier issues his manifesto declaring that he is going to lead Spain to the heights of Empire and development at home and abroad, that the currency is going to be set on a proper basis, the Army reorganised, the Navy rebuilt, the social programme restored. Everybody believes him, and, three months later, only his personal friends remember that he was ever in power. There is talk now of a Democratic Liberal Party that will be the implement chosen by General Weyler for his long-expected advance to the head of affairs. If this party develops—and my well-informed morning paper thinks it will grow rapidly—Madrid has stirring times in store.

General Valeriano Weyler, Marquis of Tenerife, is, in my opinion, the strongest man in Spain. I saw him last when I was in Madrid on a mission for another daily paper a year or two ago. He is a little man, with short, grey whiskers,

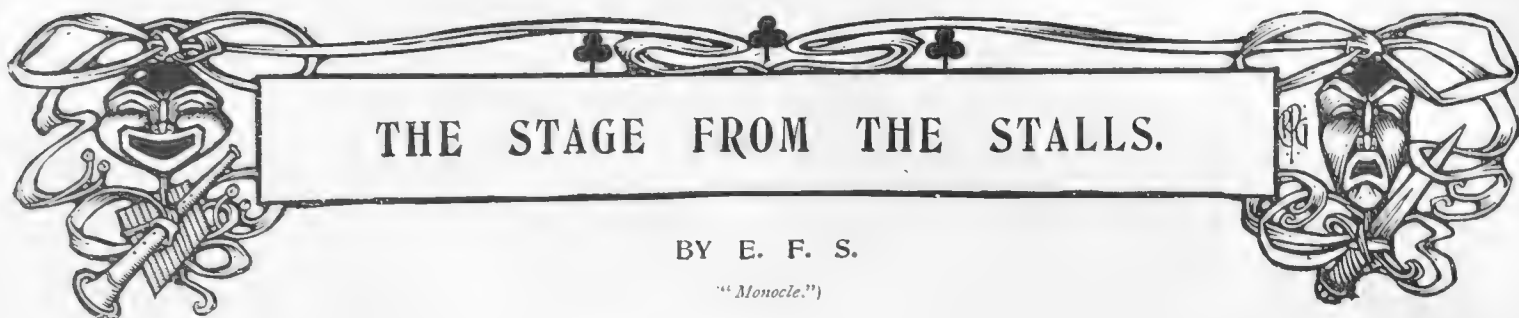
and very fierce eyes that remind you of Lord Kitchener's. He has many servants, but very few friends. The Army fears and would follow him; the public fears and would run away from him. He has been Captain-General of Madrid as well as Minister of War; he has sons in the Service and has sound knowledge of every military development. A wealthy man, no lack of money can drive him to put a plan in action before it is developed, and, while the masses fear him, a large section of the governing body hates him bitterly. He is said to consider that the Liberals and Conservatives, who stand for the "Alfonsist Party," have muddled things enough since Señor Sagasta died, and that the country needs a strong man.



PAGES FROM MY ALBUM OF BORES.

I.—THE SERIOUS-MINDED MAN WHO WILL SING ALBERT CHEVALIER'S SONGS.





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"DICK HOPE"—"THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY"—"THE EARL AND THE GIRL."

THE critics seem to me to have been scarcely just to "Dick Hope," the new play by Mr. Hendrie in which the Kendals have been appearing. This is the stranger seeing that it has little of the modern tone that excites violent prejudices in many breasts. Possibly some of the disfavour of several notices was due in part to a feeling of irritation caused by the out-of-place laughter of the audience during really poignant scenes. For instance, Mr. Kendal, acting superbly and with fine reticence, was representing a gentleman and a gallant officer, somewhat affected by drink physically but sobered enough to be deeply earnest in making a desperate appeal to a lady, admirably represented by Mrs. Kendal, to help to save him from absolute surrender to the awful habit by promising to marry him if he succeeds in keeping absolutely sober for a year. The scene was excellently written, and so painful that several playgoers near me showed obvious signs of emotion. Yet others guffawed loudly at every indication by the actor of the fact that physically, though not mentally, he was still somewhat under the effect of alcohol. How are dramatists to write for persons with such a horrible lack of sensibility, for those unable to see anything but the comic aspect of intoxication? These callous merry-makers might plead that the author, by introducing certain comic characters not essential to the play, had predisposed them to laughter, and it must be admitted that Mr. Hendrie has not been quite successful in his attempt to combine the comic and the pathetic. The humours of the boy and girl lovers—though Miss Mary Jerrold played very cleverly—jar a little, and there is the character of an ancient spinster which might well be suppressed altogether. Nevertheless, the work contains many passages of real force and is very affecting.

The complaint that "Dick Hope" appeals to the sentimental rather than the intellectual is not without foundation, and the author does seem to raise and shirk an interesting question; but, strange to say, some of the complainants are those always hostile to plays that deal with questions, or rather, problems. It cannot be denied that Mr. Hendrie rather shilly-shallies with his conclusion and delays it somewhat artificially. Nor is the reproach of occasional artificiality in construction and phraseology wholly unjust. Yet in many respects the construction is really clever, and, despite a few phrases obviously manufactured and some "tit-bits" of florid but improbable language, the dialogue is strong and pointed. Mr. Hendrie is not to be treated as a new-comer, since not only is he an actor of well-deserved popularity, but also in "The Elder Miss Blossom," in conjunction with Mr. Metcalfe Wood, he produced a successful play with an idea and several scenes of great merit. It is, therefore, the more important and justifiable to draw attention to blemishes in a play of value and ambition which establishes the right of Mr. Hendrie to be considered a dramatist of importance.

The acting of Mr. Kendal was really of remarkable quality, somewhat touched at moments by exaggeration, but in most scenes admirable in suggestion of character and rich in power. Mrs. Kendal might, within the scheme of the piece, have had at least one scene of greater stress than any given to her, and it must be noted that, for reasons easily guessed, her acting at times shows a little over-emphasis and needless anxiety lest her effects should escape due attention; but, with all this, the charm, the technical skill, the interest of individuality, and the depiction of womanliness and deep emotion render her work irresistible. It seems ungracious to suggest that she was by no means successful in dressing for the part so as to enjoy anything like full benefit of her great advantages of person. Mr. Frank Fenton, though he had some good moments, is rather too violent and theatrical as the Vicar. Mr. Hendrie played the part of an elderly curate with abundance of quiet, easy humour, and Miss Lola Duncan acted excellently with him.

Comparison of "Dick Hope" with "The Professor's Love Story," revived by Mr. E. S. Willard on the same day as the production of Mr. Hendrie's play, is not quite satisfactory. The remarkable instinct for stagecraft, the glittering cleverness, the invaluable gift for using just the right phrase found in Mr. Barrie's early work, gave it a rather deceitful appearance of superiority over the play distinguished by soundness and sincerity, and the effect of each on the other is

somewhat injurious. If one had to choose between them as early pieces—which they really are—no doubt the Barrie would appear by far the more promising. We know now how little the novelist has cared to fulfil the promise, and that, putting aside certain improvement of technique, the author of "The Professor's Love Story" stands as dramatist just where he did when the light humours and sentiment of Professor Goodwillie conquered the town. No doubt, some of the "asides" and "soliloquies" gave the work an old-fashioned air, but, this matter apart, the play now running at the St. James's has aged little—it was not born very young. Its eight hundred performances hardly seem to have diminished its power of earning easy laughter, although the present Company is not equal to the original cast. Mr. Willard—inevitable result, perhaps, of playing a part very often—has, in consequence of exaggeration and over-elaboration, lost some of the charm that distinguished the Professor, yet enough remains to catch the heart of the house. By-the-bye, having regard to his "make-up" and his manner in the first Act, some alteration should be made in the statement as to his age—he presents an elderly man and not one of middle-age. Mr. Volpé, who has a remarkable gift for presenting stolid rustics, is capital except so far as accent is concerned; but accent is a weak spot with nearly all the members of the Company who are called upon to indicate the conquerors from over the Border.

If the ghost of D'Oyly Carte had been present at the Adelphi on the production of "The Earl and the Girl" and seen the Savoy Company playing, singing, and dancing with spirit and immense success in the musical farce, I fancy it would have manifested its presence in some unamiable way. How sad it is to think that the band of artists which for some years past has attempted to win public favour for the Savoy achieved what will probably be its greatest success at another house and in musical farce! "Merrie England" had no triumph, "A Princess of Kensington" failed to draw the town, but there seems no trace of doubt concerning the popularity of the Adelphi piece. It is just what the public wants. "This will make George Edwardes sit up," said someone behind me when huge masses of paper and stuff flowers were let down from the invisible ceiling and used by young ladies for a May-pole dance. Certainly Mr. Edwardes, Prince of purveyors of this kind of thing, has produced nothing more glitteringly gorgeous in musical farce, although several times he has made an appeal more successfully to the taste of the people who are *gourmet* rather than *gourmand* in the matter of colour. Since ninety-nine in a hundred of playgoers belong to the latter category, it must be admitted that the production will be regarded as one of the most beautiful on record.

Mr. Seymour Hicks appears to have begun his "book" with the idea of writing a coherent travesty of Adelphi melodrama, and up to the end of the first Act the libretto is decidedly above the average; then the Demon of Chaos who rules in such matters asserted himself, and the piece became absolutely go-as-you-please, and, it must be added, go-as-the-audience-pleased. Songs and dances and scraps of rough comicality succeeded one another, and almost all with success.

Mr. Caryl has been less successful than sometimes in providing music, with the result that the Savoy Company rather displayed its superiority in acting than in vocal efforts over other Companies. Mr. Robert Evett was successful in two songs, rather commonplace in character, which he did not sing with Savoy reticence. Miss Fraser is charming as a runaway schoolgirl, and made a big "hit" with a "cake-walk" song—Shades of the Savoy, a "cake-walk" song! Miss Louie Pounds was charming in a glued-on part, though some of the music did not suit her voice. Miss Florence Lloyd—never a Savoyard, I think—acted cleverly, and the return of an old favourite, Miss Phyllis Broughton, was received with enthusiasm. Miss Hart-Dyke danced delightfully, one's only complaint being that she did not dance often enough. Mr. Passmore enjoyed quite a triumph as singer, actor, and dancer, and the same may be said of Mr. Lytton, though in a rather less prominent part. Mr. Morand made a "hit" as a farcical American solicitor. As might have been expected, amongst all these admirable artists the greatest triumph was that of Mr. Passmore, for he had the low-comedy part and happens to be the best singing low-comedian on our stage.

"MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH" IN AMERICA.

THE DRAMATISED VERSION OF MRS. ALICE HEGAN RICE'S AMAZINGLY POPULAR NOVELS, "MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH" AND "LOVEY MARY."



Mrs. Wiggs (Mrs. Madge Carr Cook). Miss Hazy (Miss Helen Lowell).

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, that "queer neighbourhood where ramshackle cottages played hopscotch over the railway-tracks," and her friend, Miss Hazy.



Lovey Mary (Miss Mabel Taliaferro). Mrs. Wiggs (Mrs. Madge Carr Cook). Tommy (Master Burton Jaynes).

Lovey Mary runs away from the Home with one of the children (Tommy) and is befriended by Mrs. Wiggs.



Miss Hazy (Miss Helen Lowell). Mr. Stubbins (Mr. W. T. Hodge). Mrs. Wiggs (Mrs. Madge Carr Cook).

[Photographs by Byron, New York.]

Miss Hazy receives from a Matrimonial Agency a "spirit-picture" of her future "pardner." The reality, Mr. Stubbins, "lanker'n a bean-pole," hardly comes up to the expectations of the Cabbage Patch, and Miss Hazy's married life ends suddenly with the exportation of Mr. Stubbins—in a state of unmistakable intoxication—in an empty car of a freight-train going "way out West." The picture shows the wedding reception, at which all the elite of the Cabbage Patch are present.



## NEW YORK'S FLOATING HOSPITALS:

HOW OUR AMERICAN COUSINS SAVE THE LIVES OF "SLUM" CHILDREN.



A SICK PICCANINNY.

NEW YORK is far behind London in public charities. Not one of the hospitals is free, in the strict sense of the word. There are, however, in the American city several unique charities which commend themselves to the public and are enthusiastically supported. Among these, Floating Hospitals are most popular. They are mainly for saving "slum" children who require a few whiffs of real ozone to bring them back to life, or rather, to the apology for existence which their condition compels them to endure.

When the so-called "heated term" opens in New York City—the thermometer climbing up to "Fever Heat" daily—

the crowded tenements in the poorer sections become practically unbearable to human beings. It is then that New York's slums pour their population into the streets. Thousands of persons nightly seek the riverside portions of the city and sleep on the docks, with only the sky for a counterpane. Among these people there will doubtless be found hundreds of children suffering from effects of the heat and whose life really depends upon getting proper medical aid and a certain amount of real sea-air.

In order to supply immediate aid to those desperate cases, the idea of the Floating Hospital evolved itself. The first persons to use Floating Hospitals in New York were members of St. John's Guild, an organisation which conducts a great many charities in New York and other big American cities.

The first Floating Hospital was an improvised coal-barge. Needless to say, the entire craft was renovated. The vessel in its palmy days had been a fine clipper-ship, trading between Liverpool and New York; but, when all-propelling steam came into use, the great four-master went to the scrap-heap, or nautical "bone-yard," in Brooklyn, whence it deteriorated into a coal-barge. Its most recent reincarnation is, perhaps, a noble one, for it accommodates upwards of three hundred suffering children each trip.

To afford an idea of the immense amount of rescue-work done by New York hospital-ships since they came into commission, it may be stated that one of the ships alone—the coal-barge referred to—has carried nearly a million little ones and their mothers since it first began its work, several years ago. These ships are provided with especially built broad decks, free from all obstructions, so that children sufficiently well can play about and romp to their hearts' content, being protected from falling overboard by nettings which enclose the entire upper portions of the vessel on the outside. Below the "play"-deck is another given up entirely to rows and rows of hospital-cots. This deck is free from cabins, and the beds are so placed that they can be swept by ocean-breezes.

Those on the "cot"-deck are the serious cases who have been practically given up by the City Physicians of New York—that is, the doctors appointed by the city to look after each section of "slum" district. It is a very remarkable thing that many of these desperate cases, pronounced "hopeless" by physicians, have "come around" marvellously with one day's outing on a hospital-ship.

Every year each hospital-ship in New York

takes to sea about one hundred and fifty thousand people. During the season, ten thousand infants have gone aboard in their mothers' arms, and three times as many children between the ages of five and twelve years. It has been estimated by New York physicians that four out of every five children who go on these ships recover. The mortality is only among those who have not applied in time for this particular kind of relief.

Each ship is fitted up perfectly with every requisite for the health of the children and also for their amusement. There are cold-storage rooms for keeping milk fresh during hot weather, and a complete ice-making plant is carried on each ship. There are perfectly equipped operating-rooms for little sufferers who need surgical aid, and there are machines for giving "Swedish Movements" and supplying electricity for massage.

One of the most popular features of each ship is an immense bath-room. It is between decks, about the centre of the ship, where the engine-room would be on an ordinary steamship. As hospital-ships are towed by special tugs, they do not need space for engines. The baths—about sixty separate tubs—are supplied with constant hot water. Every child able to do so takes a bath each day. The tubs are supplied directly from the ocean, the water passing first through warming cylinders.

Each child is given a warm salt-bath daily. The medicinal powers of salt-bathing among New York's sick children have been recognised by authorities of the Board of Health. For the more healthy children there is a special room where cold salt shower-baths are given. This room is, it is scarcely necessary to say, not quite so popular as the warm-bathing one; but there are many children who prefer the cold to the warm baths—after they have had the first cold one.

There are certain piers along the New York water-front where these ships call for their children daily. All very young children are accompanied by their mothers, who often enjoy the outings as much as their offspring. So popular are these hospital-ships that hundreds of applications from mothers have to be disregarded, and many poor children must needs content themselves with merely seeing the gaily decorated barges—for they resemble picnic-boats more than hospitals—passing down the river *en route* to the sea.

Long lines of children, sometimes as many as five hundred, may be seen almost daily on summer mornings standing at the wharves awaiting the medical examination which each child has to undergo before being allowed on board any hospital-craft. Each child is minutely examined for any evidence of contagious disease before being permitted to mingle with the other children taken on the hospital-ship.

When Floating Hospitals were first introduced in New York, the idea was adversely criticised. A record of upwards of ten thousand little lives saved annually has, however, broken down all prejudice, and to-day the Floating Hospital is recognised as among New York's most effective institutions.

W. B. NORTHROP.



AN ACCIDENT CASE: THE SURGEON BANDAGING A TINY ARM.

# NEW YORK'S FLOATING HOSPITALS:

"NUMBER ONE," THE CHILDREN'S SHIP.



"NUMBER ONE," THE OLDEST OF THE FLEET, HAS CARRIED NEARLY A MILLION CHILDREN.



BATH-ROOM, WITH WARM SALT-WATER ALWAYS "ON TAP."



THE SIXTEEN TRAINED NURSES ON BOARD "NUMBER ONE."



## "THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

JOHN WATSON! "Ian Maclaren." Each is as fair a name. Conjure with them. Maclaren will start a spirit as soon as Watson. Weigh them, and it is by no means improbable that the reputation of the writer will outbalance that of the theologian, great though it is. In the nature of things this must be so, for the written word goes to the uttermost ends of the earth, where the name of "Ian Maclaren" is familiar in men's mouths, while that of the clergyman is, to a certain extent, restricted, though circumstances have so arranged themselves that Dr. Watson's name is known far beyond Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool, where he has been minister for close on a quarter of a century.

Although, to the general public, "Ian Maclaren" is undoubtedly better known than Dr. John Watson, the latter is also familiar to a wide circle of readers, for, almost simultaneously with the appearance of his secular books, he published many religious ones, the most notable being, no doubt, "The Life of the Master."

Apart altogether from his fame as a clergyman and literary man, Dr. Watson's claim to be considered the greatest charitable beggar of his generation would probably be conceded by everyone, for he has raised close on a quarter of a million sterling for various institutions. The remarkable thing in connection with his appeals is that the poor man responds to them as readily and as generously as the millionaire. This was notably the case in connection with his work for Westminster College, Cambridge, where the English Presbyterian ministers are trained. Where wealthy men have given large sums, men earning less than thirty shillings a-week have denied themselves pleasures in order to save a few shillings, while servants, soldiers, sailors, and men and women in other callings who would scarcely be expected to contribute have done so to the uttermost of their ability. Perhaps the greatest clue to his success was furnished by a minister who wrote to him saying, "I know why you won't ask me. But here's a guinea, for I made up my mind that my people should have a barrowful of bricks in Westminster College."

An interviewer once asked him to relate something about what he called Dr. Watson's "system of begging," only to be told that he had no particular method. Pressed, however, Dr. Watson formulated his system in the following words: "You must never worry people. When you get up and you know you have got a good cause, show them, prove to them, make them realise that it is a good cause, and believe that your congregation is generously inclined. Be enthusiastic, and make your people enthusiastic with you." Perhaps the enthusiasm is the great secret, for everyone knows that the tall, handsome, well-set-up man, with the strong face, clear-cut features, and bright eye, is an enthusiast.

The only son of a Civil Servant who was eventually Receiver-General of Taxes for Scotland, Dr. Watson was born at Manningtree well under fifty-five years ago. He went to school at the Perth Seminary, and then to Stirling, where he met William Durham, the boy from whom he drew the "lad of parts" in his first book, "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." Durham excelled in everything, and his influence was powerful over all who came in contact with him, so it is not wonderful Dr. Watson should have been greatly attracted to him. When he was dying, Dr. Watson went to his cottage, and the youth pointed out to him all the prizes he had won during his career at school.

After leaving Stirling, Dr. Watson went to the University of Edinburgh, later to New College, and then to Germany. As a student in Edinburgh, he took part in the great snowball-fights which were of such frequent occurrence between the students and the townsmen, and the police.

Curiously enough, it was not literature or theology which apparently at first attracted Dr. Watson. He really wanted to be a farmer, and during a Long Vacation he did work on a farm in Perthshire; and, did circumstances so fall out, he could very probably manage an arable farm. It was undoubtedly the desire of his mother that he should become a clergyman, while his father rather fancied the Bar for his

son. Eventually, as everyone knows, the Church won the day, and, being licensed by the Free Church of Scotland in 1874, Dr. Watson was appointed Assistant to the Rev. Dr. Wilson, of Barclay Church, Edinburgh. In the following year, he was appointed Minister of Logiealmond Free Church, which is really the "Drumtochty" of his stories, the incentive to writing which was probably derived from Dr. Robertson Nicoll, to whom "Ian Maclaren" has paid tribute for the encouragement he received, as well as for the impetus given to him in what was at the time a new walk in life.

After two years at Logiealmond, Dr. Watson went to St. Matthew's Free Church, Glasgow, where he put in three years of very hard work, when he was appointed to Sefton Park, which was built by several wealthy men. He had a very small congregation in 1880, while now, large as his church is, his congregation fills it to its utmost capacity in order to listen to the words of the preacher whose first sermon, delivered at his uncle's church near Edinburgh, was from the text, "Unto you is the word of this salvation sent."

It says much for the force and power of the man that in the pulpit

Dr. Watson is exceedingly quiet and by no means what is known as dramatic, yet he holds his congregation in the hollow of his hand and makes his points with the consummate ease of a fine speaker. Perhaps, in part, the reason of his success is that he does not write his sermons, though he prepares them very carefully, getting together all his references and sources of information, and dictating the headlines of his discourses to a typewriter. This manuscript he reads over before going to church, and, with only a few notes in his hand, he enters the pulpit, knowing full well that the words he requires will come at his command.

Such a man, influencing others as he has done, has, it may be assumed, been influenced by the great minds of the past. The writer to whom in the early part of his career he owed most was undoubtedly Matthew Arnold, as Carlyle was the man, the only man, who dominated the mentality of the student. To Dr. Watson, Thomas Carlyle was almost a demigod, and he has said that one of the great regrets of his life was when he was invited to speak at the opening of the Carlyle House in Chelsea and was unable to go. When Carlyle became Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, Dr. Watson was present as a young man, and he has described him as looking "for all the world like a prophet. . . . With his shaggy beard, his deep-set eyes, his weird, almost unworldly appearance," he produced an impression "like a man coming out of the unknown, or, as he would himself say, 'out of the Infernals.'"

The softer side of Dr. Watson's life is suggested by the pets of the household, pets which are probably as dear to Mrs. Watson and their four sons as they are to the head of the house himself. Dogs, cats, birds, white rats, tortoises, pigeons, gold-fish, newts, and white mice are now, or have been at some time, inmates of the house, with pretty well every other animal of which men and women have made pets. When, in the course of nature, the little things die, they are not consigned to the tender mercies of the dustman, like the pets of so many people, but are tenderly buried in the garden.

The reason for the selection of a pen-name is always one of the interesting landmarks in the history of literature. When "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" was to be published and Dr. Watson was looking for a name, he selected "Ian Maclaren," for the reason that Ian is the Gaelic form of his own name, John, and Maclaren was his mother's maiden name. How famous he has made it readers of some of the most delightful books in the language know, and it has been carried even beyond the ordinary domain of letters, for "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" has been dramatised and the play has been acted in America with very considerable success. In America, too, the name of Dr. John Watson is held in considerable esteem, for he was selected to deliver the Lyman Beecher Lectures at Yale University in 1896, and had bestowed on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity by that famous institution on the other side of the Atlantic.



THE REV. JOHN WATSON ("IAN MACLAREN"), AUTHOR OF  
"BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH."

*Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."*

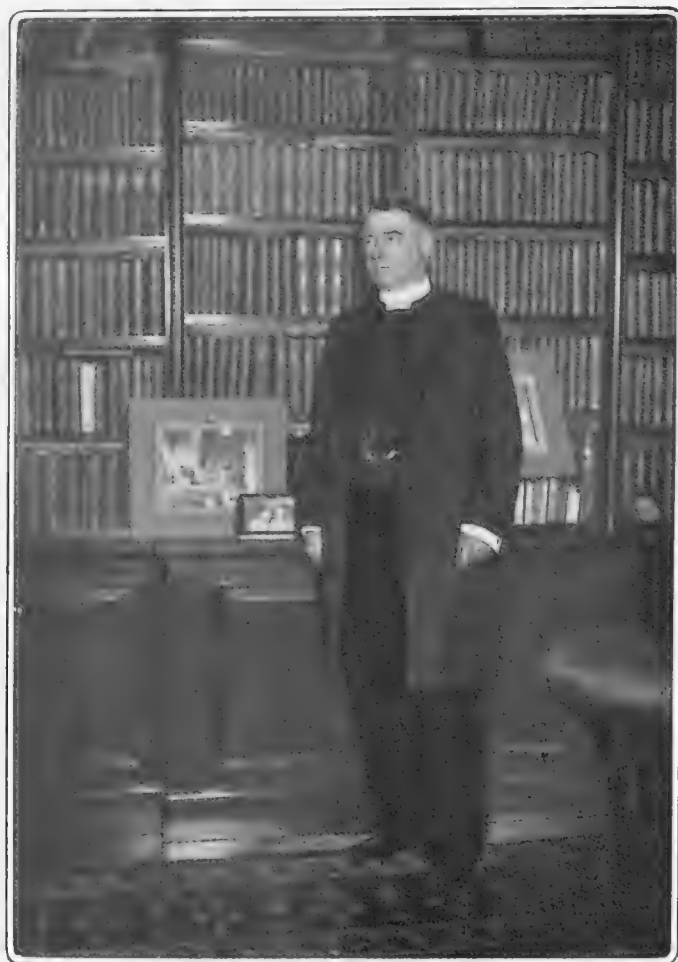
LXXII.—THE REV. JOHN WATSON ("IAN MACLAREN").



DICTATING A NEW NOVEL.



RECEIVING OUR INTERVIEWER.



IN THE LIBRARY.



A HOME-MADE BOOKCASE.



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. JOHN MURRAY is almost as distinguished in after-dinner speaking as in publishing. He proposed the health of Mr. William Faux at the complimentary dinner and presentation given to that gentleman by the principal publishers and their authors. Mr. Murray pointed out that the late Mr. W. H. Smith, a member of the Book Trade, was called upon to reorganise the Admiralty, and that, when the War Office required reorganising, another member of the Book Trade had been sent for. In the near future they may want someone to reorganise the Colonial Office, and Mr. Faux was the man. Mr. Faux, in replying, said that he had gained the great knowledge he was supposed to contain in a curious and desultory manner, but that, in the long run, it seemed to have figured out fairly well. Mr. Heinemann said he had asked two friends to dine with him, but when they heard he was to make a speech they stayed away. Mr. R. B. Marston, to whom the success of the gathering was due, said he believed that this was the largest gathering of the kind that had ever been held in the place. The London Terminal Bookstall clerks have also presented a testimonial to Mr. Faux.

The death of the late Sir John Robinson, so long associated with the *Daily News*, is much regretted by all who ever came into contact with his eminently genial and efficient personality. At the time of writing, I do not know whether the Autobiography which he so long

planned has been left in a state for publication. There were certainly abundant materials, for Sir John kept a journal from his youth in which he daily noted down the occurrences of the day or anything he thought of value in the way of anecdote or gossip. Sir John was an admirable story-teller, and even a collection of his anecdotes would be a boon. It may be said with confidence that he has not left anything behind him which will give pain. Himself very sensitive, he shrank from wounding the feeling of others, and the veil which he cast over his many deeds of charity and kindness will never be lifted.

The *Academy* list of favourite books of the year has always a certain interest. The *Academy* asks for the two books which certain men and women have read with most interest and pleasure. Mr. Joseph Conrad draws a just distinction when he writes, "Pleased: 'The Ambassadors,' by Henry James. Interested: 'Mankind in the Making,' by H. G. Wells." It is quite possible to be very much interested in a book and not pleased with it at all, though one can hardly be pleased without being interested. Several critics, including Sir Gilbert Parker, Mrs. Craigie, and Frederic Harrison, pick out John Morley's "Life of Gladstone," and Mr. Gosse gives just recognition to Mr. Henry James's ingenious and characteristic "Life of W. W. Story." Mr. Gissing selects as his favourite "Typhoon," by Joseph Conrad. Joseph Conrad is more and more admired by the inner circle, and the excellence of his work is gradually attracting the public. Mr. Lang mentions as his books Mr. Myers's "Human Personality" and the second volume of Oman's "Peninsular War."

English literature has been greatly enriched this month by the publication of the superb illustrated "Record of English Literature," published by Mr. Heinemann and written by Dr. Garnett and Mr. Gosse. Not less important is the completion of "Chambers's Encyclopædia of English Literature," which presents in three volumes, at the amazingly low price of half-a-guinea each, a treasury of good reading and sound criticism.

Now that Mr. Austin Dobson's excellent study of Fanny Burney has been published, readers will be prepared to welcome the new edition of "Evelina," with an introduction by Mr. Dobson and illustrations by Mr. Hugh Thompson, which Messrs. Macmillan have just issued. An illustrated edition of Fanny Burney's Diary would certainly have a large sale.

Mr. A. C. Benson, who is retiring from the mastership at Eton which he has held for nineteen years, proposes to devote himself to literary work. This is good news, for Mr. Benson is a critic of discernment and catholic tastes. He is contributing a book on Rossetti to the "Men of Letters" series, a study of Tennyson to Methuen's "Little Biographies," and he has also edited a selection of Whittier for Messrs. Jack, of Edinburgh. But more serious tasks await him. Along with Viscount Esher, he will, at the beginning of the year, take up the editing of Queen Victoria's correspondence from 1837 to 1861.

The lady who writes under the pseudonym of "Sydney C. Grier" is finishing a novel which deals with the great personality of Warren Hastings. It will be entitled "The Great Pro-Consul," and deals with Hastings' Indian career from his marriage in 1777 to his return to England in 1785.

Professor Rendel Harris contributes to the *Athenæum* a really brilliant correction of the text of Keats. Taking the lines in the twelfth sonnet—

And let there glide by many a pearly ear,  
Pink robes, and wavy hair, and diamond jar,

he replaces as follows—

And let there glide by many a pearly ear,  
Pink robes and wavy hair and diamond *tiar*.

He quotes from Milton's "Paradise Lost," Book III., line 625—

Of beaming sunny rays, a golden *tiar*  
Circled his head.

O. O.



*Tennyson's Heroines.**Drawn by A. Forestier.*

## II.—THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

*"Out flew the web and floated wide;  
The mirror crack'd from side to side;  
'The curse is come upon me!' cried  
The Lady of Shalott."*



## HIS HOLINESS. By S. L. BENSUSAN.

AS the carrier drove out of the village, we overtook the Rev. Mr. Newstedding, Vicar of Maychester, who looked up, smiling, and passed us the time of day. To my great surprise, my companion, who has a kind word for everybody, from the "M.F.H." down to the lads who scare rooks in the field, feigned to be mending



WE OVERTOOK THE REV. MR. NEWSTEDDING.

his whip and not to see the salute. Now Ephraim never uses a whip and is a poor hand at dissimulation; he looked rather anxiously at me and muttered something about Babylon and a Scarlet Woman. The mystery deepened; I resolved to have explanations.

"Do you know the minister well?" I began, as the cart turned out of the lane into the high-road, and twelve-year-old Joash settled into his accustomed jog-trot.

"Aye, I know 'un," responded the carrier; "an' 'e knows I know 'un, outside an' inside an' upside-down, so to speak. Aye, an' I know a worser man nor 'e, even, an' that 's 'is Master."

"And who may his Master be?" I said, innocently, for I know the carrier's little peculiarities well enough and wanted to draw him out, though there is no man in Landshire I esteem more highly.

Ephraim turned in his seat, his eyes flashing, his forefinger raised in denunciation. "Th' Pope o' Rom', an' no other!" he thundered.

I thought it was unnecessary to say more, that with three or four miles of straight road gradually ascending before us the carrier could neglect Joash and improve the occasion. Nor was I disappointed. He arranged the rugs and thought for a minute or two.

"I'm o' th' Peculiar People mysel', as ye well know," he began, turning round to me and leaving Joash to select his own path and pace. "Three times o' Sundays I worships th' Loord, an' when it was as Mr. White were minister over Maychester, I hadn't nought to



TAKIN' IT UP IN TH' TONGS.

say agin 'un. A charitable man, so to speak, an' free from candles an' incense an' early communions, an' 'bom'nable secret sins o' that sort. An' no sooner were th' poor man took, when th' Pope o' Rom' turned 'is devourin' eyes on Maychester, Loord preserve us, 'e's wunnerful clever in 'is artful way, is th' Pope o' Rom'!"

"Maychester is a long way from Rome," I suggested.

"Distance ain't o' no account to th' Pope," said Ephraim, stubbornly. "Don't 'e command all 'is servants to come to 'im from all th' furrin' parts, bringin' their pennies with 'em, an' to bow down afore 'un, an' to gie 'un th' pennies what they worked for mebbe, an' to kiss 'is toe? Ain't I read on it? An' didn't th' Pope send for to try to corrupt me in this werry Maychester, to turn me from th' right way, by means of a 'misserary?"

"An emissary?" I said, more innocently than before.

"Thank th' Loord," replied Ephraim, devoutly but directly, "I ain't never yet told no lie to nobody. 'Twas th' year Mr. White died, bein' took amazin' bad wi' influenzy an' noomony, afore th' Bishop 'ad filled th' livin', an' a 'misserary came to my kitchen d'rect from Rome as I sat a-takin' dinner wi' my wife. It 'ad th' outward shape o' a post-card, an' on th' back was a picture o' th' Pope sittin' on 'is golden throne a-misgovernin' o' th' world, an' a wunnerful lot o' message underneath, wrote in th' Pope's own language. An' I jest called in a few o' th' brethren from their dinners, to show how I'd been chosen f'r temptation, an' we all prayed for deliverance from th' Pope, an' burnt th' post-card as it stood, takin' it up in th' tongs, an' when th' flames devoured th' Pope's portrait it spluttered an' 'issed suthin' amazin'."

I listened with respectful interest, though, as I sent the card to the worthy carrier while I was wintering in Rome a few seasons ago, at the time of Pope Leo's Jubilee, and wrote in dog-Latin the invitation to him and his Peculiar Brethren to join the Roman Church, I had less occasion to be surprised than he had. This was the first time that the fate of the card had been mentioned.

"What happened after that?" I ventured to remark, though I did not dare to raise my eyes and had to stare hard at Joash.

"Th' cunnin' o' th' Pope was too much for us," said the old man, mournfully; "'e jest went an' circumvented us. F'r 'e must 'a' sent one on 'is servants to th' Bishop—mebbe th' Bishop 'issel' is jest one on 'em that bows th' knee to Baal—an' th' Bishop 'e sends f'r Mr. Newsteddin', an' delivers th' souls o' Maychester to th' keepin' o' that false, incense-burnin' shepherd. Mebbe th' Pope commanded 'un, I shouldn't wonder, f'r to do all them 'eathenish an' 'bom'nable practices, an' 'e found a willin' servant. But th' Loord sees 'un, an' in th' fulness o' time 'e'll be swallowed up like Jonah was, only it'll be worser nor that; an' th' Loord will not deliver 'un, an' th' Pope couldn't if 'e tried."

"What does Mr. Newstedding do?" I asked, after I had given the worthy carrier time to get his breath back and gather fresh eloquence.

"A 'mazin' lot o' wicked things!" thundered Ephraim. "Gives an early service every mornin', an' keeps on though nobody don't go to it; lights candles in th' church an' burns incense, I'm told; b'lieves, so they do say, in trans—trans—substanshon, a wunnerful false doctrine; an' 'as been 'eard speakin', quite unconcerned like, o' confession. Then 'e gave a lecture in th' school-house, an' spoke o' Roman history, an', when some o' th' Maychester folk told 'un o' my temptation, 'e come round an' ast if I'd kept th' card, an' made light on it, an' said 'e wished 'e'd seen it, an' I was wrong to burn ut. An' there's no doubt 'e'd 'a' bowed down to ut an' worshipped ut."

"Have you ever been to one of his services, Ephraim?" I inquired. "'Ave I put my 'and in th' lion's mouth or my body in th' pit o' destruction?" responded the carrier, sarcastically. "'Tain't likely that I'll countenance idolatry o' week-days an' stand among my brethren o' Sundays. No; an' when 'e ast me to do so I gied 'un a wunnerful sharp answer, an' 'e hain't never ast me no more, an' won't to my thinkin'. Th' Loord will not 'elp 'is servants what rushes open-eyed into temptation an' th' power o' sin."

We drove on in silence until the market-town, our destination, was almost reached, and then the old man gathered the reins and called to Joash to increase his pace.

"Let us be thankful at every hour o' th' day," he said, "that th' Pope lives in Rom' an' not in Lunnon, where mebbe 'e'd do more damage still. I wouldn't like to 'ave to say," he concluded, solemnly, "what th' Pope's doin' at this werry moment. Some mischief, I'll warrant."



AST IF I'D KEPT TH' CARD



## A LOST LEADER.

By THOMAS COBB.

MISS JULIA DEACON was tall, thin, and forty-five, with dark-brown hair drawn tightly away from her forehead and fastened in a very small knot at the back, and, although the parish of All Saints' stood in the midst of a large, busy town, she might have lived in Eden for all she knew of the practical affairs of the twentieth century.

She still occupied the house where her father had died fifteen years ago and her only brother eight, and it might have been a more comfortable abiding-place but for the charity which induced her to engage servants only of the most hopeless "character." Finding Miss Julia's (her surname was seldom used) daily round unendurably dull, her *protégées* usually ran away at the beginning of their second week.

She had, indeed, a few acquaintances, of course amongst the congregation of All Saints', and one friend in the Vicar—Miss Julia had never quite liked his wife. But the Vicar could do no wrong; he had known her as a rather pretty girl; he understood her soft heart, made allowances for her weaknesses, and even tried sometimes to enlighten her concerning current affairs.

Once every year Miss Julia took a fortnight's holiday at the seaside town of Sandbay, always at the same time as the Vicar went to Scotland; for many years she had not been farther from home. But she took in the Parish Magazine and a religious journal which contained a serial story; for the rest, her chief purpose in life was to attend every service at All Saints' and to accomplish her round of district-visiting.

So Miss Julia's life ambled on, until one day a bolt fell out of the blue sky. It was half-past ten in the morning, and she had told Selina she could "fancy a little fish for dinner." A man in a blue jersey stood with a barrow of plaice and haddock before the door, while Selina bargained and Miss Julia looked on from the hall. Seeing little Miss Samson approach, she drew farther into the background, for Miss Julia was not dressed as yet for the reception of a visitor, and she considered it a little thoughtless of Miss Samson to stop.

"I thought I saw you, Miss Julia!" she exclaimed.

"I am afraid I am scarcely fit to be seen," was the reproachful answer.

"Of course," said Miss Samson, "you have heard the news?"

"Very little news comes to my ears," cried Miss Julia, with anxious eyes on Selina as she paid the fishmonger.

"Then you didn't know that the dear Vicar—?"

"He is not ill?" exclaimed Miss Julia, forgetting all about the change in her perturbation.

"The Vicar is going away—"

"Going—going to leave All Saints'!" murmured Miss Julia.

"He has been offered a much better living," said Miss Samson; "and he has decided to accept it."

On her most dismal days—and Miss Julia often felt dismal during the long evenings—she had never anticipated anything quite so revolutionary. She bade Miss Samson "good-morning," and, shutting the door, left her drawing-room half-dusted in her preoccupation. Even at her father's death she had not experienced such a desolating sense of loneliness, and when the Vicar himself came to the house at four o'clock that afternoon he observed the signs of tears on her thin, white face. He had hoped, he said, to be the first to tell her of the good-fortune which was removing him to a wider sphere of usefulness; he could speak of it as "good-fortune"! He should leave All Saints' immediately on the appointment of his successor; and one day, about three weeks later, the Vicar came again to say that Mr. Worsfeld had accepted the living.

"I sincerely hope he is sound," said Miss Julia, but the Vicar pursed his lips.

"Well, well!" he answered; "we cannot expect all men to think exactly alike. You must be prepared for one or two alterations. Mr. Worsfeld is young, you know."

"Ah!" said Miss Julia. "I love the old fashions."

"I believe," continued the Vicar, "there is some idea of moving the organ to the chancel and of instituting a surpliced choir."

All Saints' was the only church in the town with an organ at the west end and a mixed choir. But Mr. Reynolds had allowed things to remain as he found them on his arrival twenty-two years ago. His words now intensified Miss Julia's sense of desolation, and it was fortunate that she soon became too busy to dwell upon the dreaded future. There was, to begin with, the excitement of collecting for the Vicar's testimonial; there were farewell meetings to attend, besides extra services; the presentation of the "handsome ormolu clock and pair of candelabra," together with a purse of gold; and, last of all, Mr. Reynolds came to pay his farewell visit.

Miss Julia had very little to say about his own future, but a great deal concerning the days in store for herself.

"Let us hope there will be no violent changes," said the Vicar.

"But a surpliced choir!" Miss Julia protested; and he shook his head.

A few days later, Mr. Reynolds went away and Mr. Worsfeld arrived in his stead. In the first place, he had the disadvantage of youth; he was also unmarried—and, indeed, Miss Samson explained that he did not approve of a married clergy—his coat was far too long, and his handsome face was shaven.

Now Mr. Reynolds had commended Miss Julia especially to his attention, with the result that he paid her house one of his first visits, at half-past four on Saturday, just as she was sitting down to tea—a cosy meal which Mr. Reynolds often shared with her. But the new Vicar declared that he did not drink tea, a circumstance which in itself threatened to render impossible all real community of feeling. After this, she experienced little surprise to see him turn towards the East during the next morning's service, and that evening she absented herself from All Saints'. Still, Miss Julia went again the next three Sunday mornings, by which time the continual innovations made it impossible to go any more with a clear conscience.

She could not understand the ease with which the members of the congregation permitted themselves to be led, nor how they could wax enthusiastic over a Vicar who was in every respect so different from dear Mr. Reynolds. There seemed to be a sudden access of interest amongst the younger women, one of whom, a pretty girl of nineteen, was appointed to help Miss Julia with her class. A deaconess, who also was young, was engaged for the district-visiting, and Miss Julia's occupation was gone.

Miss Julia became an altered woman. Her face, always thin and pale, grew thinner and paler; she seemed to be outgrown by her small world, and people began to speak of her as "poor Miss Julia."

Nobody felt more sincerely sorry for her than the cause of all her troubles, and, in the goodness of his heart, Mr. Worsfeld took a journey to Castleton expressly to speak to Mr. Reynolds on her behalf. It happened, however, that the Vicar was in bed with an attack of influenza, so that the visitor took Mrs. Reynolds into his confidence. Now Mrs. Reynolds was a sympathetic woman, and she conceived the bold idea that Miss Julia should leave the town in which she had lived so long and take up her abode in Mr. Reynolds's new parish.

Mrs. Reynolds perceived, however, that such a serious migration would require great consideration and discussion, and, without troubling her husband, she sat down after Mr. Worsfeld's departure and wrote to Miss Julia a long letter. By Saturday week she hoped the Vicar would be perfectly recovered, and would Miss Julia please him by coming to stay at the Vicarage for a week from that day?

Miss Julia had probably never felt more excited than when she read the letter the following morning at breakfast-time. The temptation was far too strong to be resisted. Miss Julia began already to look forward to a return for a few days at least to the former state of affairs. The edifice, it was true, would be different, but everything else would be the same as that which she had been for many years accustomed to.

Eleven days would be none too many for her preparations. She determined to order a new dress, to say nothing of a bonnet and a jacket. Moreover, the actual journey had its necessary perils, and there was also the momentous question concerning what should be done with her house. On the previous Wednesday she ordered a carriage to take her to the station, where she arrived half-an-hour before the departure of the train, with a trunk, a hold-all, and a cardboard hat-box. She gave the guard a shilling and asked him to reserve her compartment for "ladies only," and at last she took her seat and the train started. Mrs. Reynolds met her at the station, and nothing could have been more cordial than the welcome of the five children. But the Vicar was much less talkative than usual; indeed, there was something of the nature of embarrassment in his manner. With sensations approaching alarm, she perceived that he wore a coat almost as long as Mr. Worsfeld's. Nevertheless, she spent a very enjoyable evening, playing draughts, for the most part, with the two youngest girls. After they had gone to bed, Mrs. Reynolds ventured to hint at the possibility of Miss Julia's removing from her present house to another in Castleton, and, although the suggestion naturally filled her with alarm, in her room that night the prospect appeared extremely tempting.

On Sunday morning she set forth with the pleasantest anticipations. In a corner of the Vicarage pew she took her seat with happy serenity; but from the moment the Vicar entered, heading a procession of two curates and twelve choristers, Miss Julia's disillusioning began.

Mr. Reynolds, in fact, had, as on his first coming to All Saints', accepted the established order of things. He was a man averse from changes of any kind, whilst Miss Julia was aghast at what she esteemed the immense alteration in himself. This was the depth of her misery, and on the way back to the Vicarage she heard little Lucy Reynolds ask her mother why Miss Julia cried whenever she knelt.

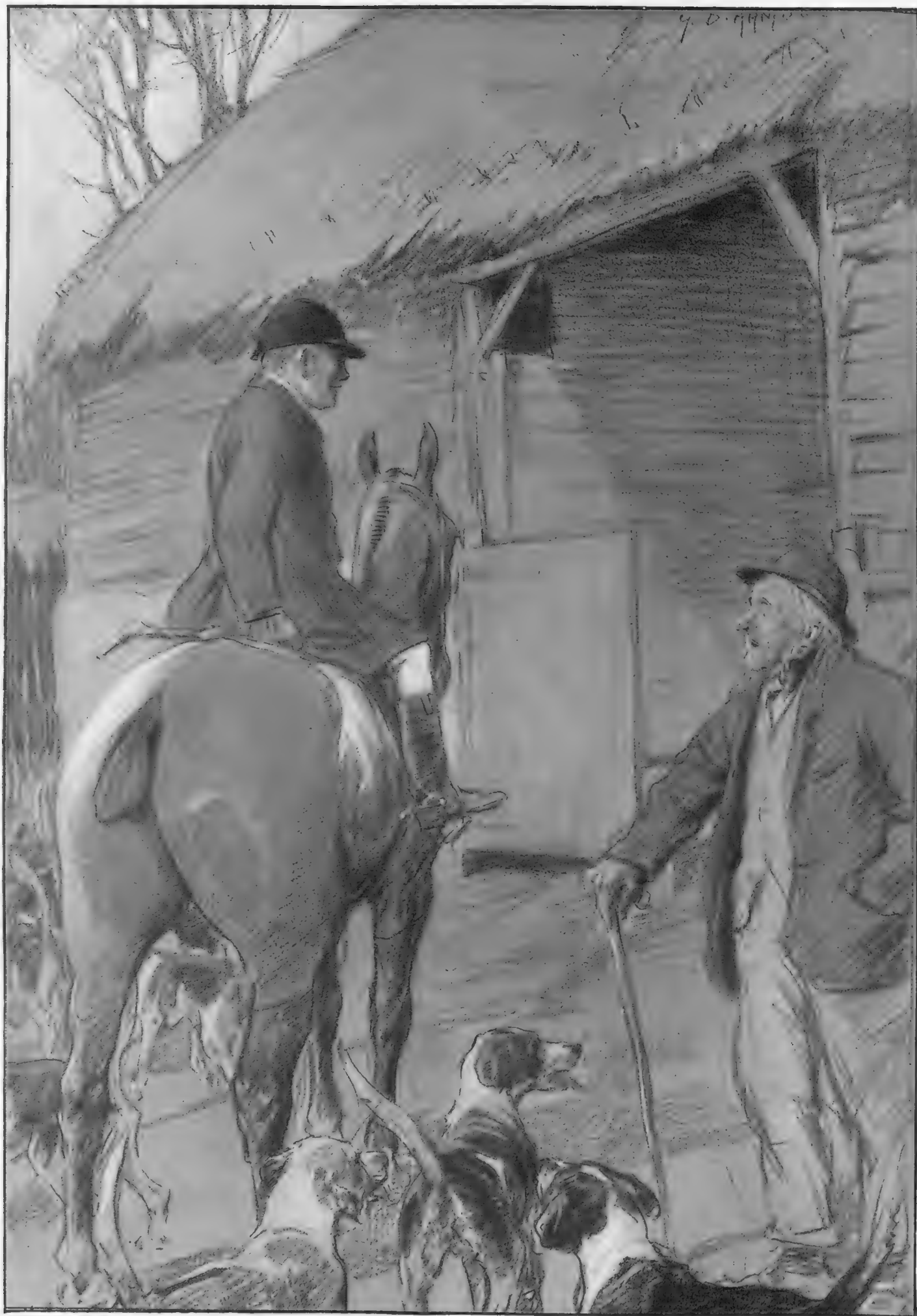
The Vicar understood why she had no appetite and no conversation during dinner. With perfect truth, she pleaded a headache and stayed away from the evening service, and the next morning Miss Julia experienced an intense longing to be at home again. Her Lares and Penates seemed to be the only gods which had not fallen.

She did not feel well, she explained after breakfast, and, although Mrs. Reynolds opposed her departure, the Vicar remained silent.

"I am afraid your visit has not proved an unqualified blessing," he remarked, when a fly had stopped at the door. But Miss Julia only sighed and shook her head. Her heart was far too full for words, and the Vicar stood at the door staring gravely at the fly as she was driven towards the railway-station. He understood that the world had rolled on and left her behind, very forlorn and solitary.

THE END.





HUNTSMAN (*to old Farmer, who has been claiming for fowls killed*): How do you know the fox killed 'em?  
FARMER: Oi be cert'n sure 'of ut! Woy, I shot 'im in the hact!

DRAWN BY G. D. ARMOUR.

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## A NOVEL

IN

A NUTSHELL.

IN PIOUS MEMORY.

BY

MRS. CLEMENT PARSONS.



## I.

IN a top "flat" in one of the streets turning off from the Kilburn High Road a woman lay in a sitting-room, on a chair-bed, very ill. Ever since she and her son, who was a barber's assistant and extremely refined, had come to live here, she had eagerly consented to his having the one bedroom, with her old four-post bedstead in it, while she managed with this shake-down, which was never to appear till last thing at night and was bundled out of the way again before Horace wanted breakfast next morning. But, latterly, everything had been becoming a burden to Mrs. Ransom, and folding up the bed, and even the blanket and rug off it, and cooking the food over the oil-stove had been tasks to dread. More than once the doctor round the corner had told her that her right place was inside St. Mary's Hospital. He had offered her an in-patient's letter, but she had battled against the suggestion. As long as she could possibly keep about she would. Afterwards—well, the hospital might become a final necessity.

To-day, however, her forced remnants of strength had suddenly failed, and, contrary to the intention she had expressed to her son when he left her in the morning with the kiss she had lived on all day, she had continued to lie, hour after hour, upon the chair-bed beneath the stained ceiling, listening to the rumbling of the omnibuses and gazing into the heavy pallor of the August sky.

What would become of Horace if she left him while there was any chance of her regaining her power of doing for him? He liked ease and nice food—who else would make him comfortable at so small an outlay? He was careless with his money and fond of gadding—who would have sufficient hold over him to keep him out of trouble? Once, three years earlier—but the remembrance was anguish—he had been caught taking a florin from his aunt's drawer to buy a tie for Whit-Monday, and his mother knew that for her no physical distress could be so bad to bear as dreading, while she was laid aside, that he was not keeping straight. She loved him with an even deeper passion than she had loved his father, and if, like Alkestis of old, she could have gone down into hell for him, she would have gone fearlessly and without reproaches.

Horace's father had been a touring actor, and, though Horace had not talent enough for the stage (or so it would appear, since he had tried a little, and failed), playgoing was his cardinal joy, and three or four nights a week he might be seen standing in a gallery *quc*. His favourite theatres were the Adelphi and the Princess's, but when he was hard-up he squeezed into the local music-hall at the half-price hour. Even there he greatly preferred the turns that made tears come into his eyes. Mere comic vulgarity and slang were too like real life to give him sensation. What he hankered after was pathos. Enthusiasm, too, was a thing he could thoroughly enter into. He came out particularly strong on all occasions of public rejoicing.

All through the long, hot afternoon Mrs. Ransom had been trying to decide what she should say about herself when Horace came home. She felt as nervous and apologetic as a servant might whom a stern master was about to detect shirking duty. Unfortunately, perhaps, she had not prepared Horace by degrees for thinking her ill. He had an aversion to "sick cats," as he called people who were ailing, and she had done her utmost to conceal from him the slowness of her movements about the room, had agreed, later, that she had been "gassing" when one evening she surprised him by asking him to lift the heavy iron kettle for her. Now, alas, the truth must out, and, as she heard his step coming lightly up the creaking staircase at the end of his day's work, she cowered in her bed and trembled. She feared her altered looks might prevent some jolly evening out for him; she longed to have him stay with her if he would, but stay because he wished to.

Horace drove open his mother's door with the point of his cane as he walked into the adjoining room. "Mother," he called out, joyfully, "one of the customers has given me two orders for 'A Chinese Honeymoon.' I had a good mind to take you, but Joe up at our place wanted to go. I say, mother, I hope my tea's ready, and something with a bit of mustard. I shall have to look alive."

Horace's voice was not loud, but it was rackety—a badly pitched voice.

Mrs. Ransom literally could not speak. She waited for him to come in. A minute later, the young man entered. Well set up and sufficiently broad-chested, his face, for all his twenty-two years, was so young and fair as to be almost pretty with a girl's prettiness. Mrs. Ransom's faded eyes lit up, her half-unconscious gladness at the mere sight of him getting the better of her. And certainly most mothers would have thought him a good-looking fellow—dandified, of course,

with his spats and his drab linen waistcoat and his Homburg hat; but, then, was he not assistant at a hairdresser's, where a smart get-up counted for something? What spoiled him really was the trivial vanity of his expression, accentuated as it was by the tong-pressed curls of his light hair.

His face contracted into a frown as he entered.

"Why, what on earth—? Who's going to get my tea?"

"Horace, dear, I'm truly sorry. Mrs. Casey downstairs would have the doctor come this morning; and he says I'm very bad indeed. It began with a cold, he said, but now it's inwardly."

"Doctor be blowed! Well, I suppose I shall have to get my own tea. Is there any of that corned beef left?"

"Yes, Horace; it's in the cupboard, and the milk and butter's out on your window-sill. Mrs. Casey set them there when she got me my cup of tea. You can soon boil up the water again, and there's a bottle of beer for when you come home."

Finding his difficulties somewhat smoothed, Horace looked a little more carefully at his mother. The light fell on her face and made it skull-like. It was so weary, so full of shadows. Ah, well! it was this weather, Horace said to himself. He did not hold with cockering people who were a little bit out of sorts. It only made them worse. He went on with his preparations for tea. Unfortunately, the stove lacked wick, so the water was a long while boiling. This was an aggravation. Horace detested joyless intervals. He took up the halfpenny "special" he had brought in and pretended to be absorbed in it. It was right he should punish his mother for being so selfish as to lie down all the afternoon and forget about his tea.

Suddenly he flung the paper down and said, irritably—

"Mother, I wish you'd leave off twitching that sheet with your fingers. You'll fair give me the jumps."

Instinctively his mother stopped the movement of her fingers for a minute or two, although she seemed hardly to know what he meant. She gazed at him as he ate his tea with the eyes of one in a dream. She was recalling the sacred, early days when his blonde head had lain against her breast, and when she had cooed to him and he had smiled or scowled, as the case might be. Harsh and fretful as others might think him now, she who was his mother knew his better nature, and he was not really hurting her. Moods were on the surface with him. If only she could trust him to live a good, honest life when—when— The thread of thought broke off. Mrs. Ransom did not realise herself as dying; she was only curiously haunted to-day by the vision of Horace alone, without her, and the deep waters meeting over his head.

Her long gaze, by its very earnestness, compelled her son to cross the room to her. He picked up his hat first. Then he leant over the chair-bed, not unkindly. Mrs. Ransom felt it was an opportunity. She tried to smile, to look bright and attractive.

"Horace," she said, taking his hand in both hers, "if it hadn't been for your being given the orders, I believe I should have asked you if you wouldn't like to stay at home to-night and keep your old mother company."

Reinvigorated by his tea, Horace remembered the gentlemanly air of George Alexander and Charles Hawtrey. "I would have done, mother, with the greatest of pleasure."

"And played on your banjo, Horace?" His mother spoke entreatingly. Her eyes were hungry.

"You bet I shouldn't have sat still doing nothing." Horace had relapsed into Kilburn manners. His mother's hands fell out of his



light clasp. He kissed her carelessly. "So long!" he said. "Mind you're all right again to-morrow." He ran as fast as he could down the creaking staircase.

Every now and again, during the performance of "A Chinese Honeymoon," Horace felt a small stab concerning his mother. He determined to take the 'bus all the way back, so as to be home early and look in at her before he turned in for the night. As he mounted the top flight, someone—it was Mrs. Casey, from downstairs—came running to meet him.

"Oh, 'Oris," she said, bursting into loud sobs, "your poor Ma's gone!"

Horace pushed her on one side. He rushed across the landing. There, on the chair-bed, with a lamp burning on the table below, lay his mother. A strange, convincing hush filled the air. Horace flung himself on the floor beside the bed. Pity and old memories welled up in him. She was *dead*, she who had petted, understood, admired him more than anyone else on earth ever had done or was ever likely to do—dead in this room where she had so often listened with rapture to his recitations and his performances upon his banjo. He hid his face in the sheet. When he lifted it, and, looking down at his hat tossed across the floor, realised his impetuous attitude, he could not help thinking what a beautiful "curtain" it made—he, the curly-haired hero, kneeling in the dim light by a beloved dead mother. He decided to kneel on so for some time. He drew his fingers down his wet cheeks appreciatively, and threw himself into a posture of even more abandoned grief, visualising the scene as it would appear on a poster on the Kilburn railway-bridge.

## II.

After the first fortnight had elapsed, Horace's fluent lamentations, to the great relief of his friends, began to subside. For some time longer, however, anything in a play that bore on filial devotion and sacrifice made him feel vaguely noble, and he wore his wide mourning arm-band with a distinction he found rare in Kilburn. He boarded now with a family a few doors below his previous home, and, though he considered their terms high, he could not help enjoying their lively, sociable evenings.

It all cost money, however, and, somehow, money did not go half so far as it used to do. Thus it came about that, having been prevailed upon to pay his week's board and residence two days in advance, in view of festive housekeeping, Horace found himself walking along the Kilburn High Road on Christmas Eve without a penny in his pockets.

Such a condition is never more depressing than on a day like this, when money is blatantly the key to every form of seasonable rejoicing. Nuts and oranges and cigarettes and drinks and Boxing Night admissions are none of them given away. Horace felt sulky to the point of gloom as he shouldered slowly along through the crowds that filled the pavement between the cressets of the stationed hand-carts and the be-rosed and be-ribboned turkeys that festooned the shops. At every step he grew increasingly conscious that the world was hideously unappreciative of all finer attributes. He tried to keep his head turned away from the flaring windows—they were so brutal.

It was only three o'clock, yet the copper-coloured fog that hung over the houses seemed already to be deepening into the dusk of the short day. All at once Horace noticed a stall covered with nothing but holly. The red berries were few and far between, but, still, it was

holly, and represented the sentimental side of Christmas as distinguished from the materialism of the poulterers' and butchers'. Two people in black were buying a wreath of the hawker. This struck Horace. They were within a stone's-throw of Willesden Lane; of course, they were going up to the Cemetery to visit dead relations. He would go, too, and stand beside his mother's grave and be sad in the right place. If he only had had his mother alive she would have made Christmas really Christmas. It was his mother he wanted. He had done himself an injustice in thinking it was money.

More than ever charged with self-pity, Horace passed through the great gates of the Cemetery. The fog in the open space inside was denser than in the streets, and people at a short distance loomed large and shadowy. Between the soaking paths the acres of graves looked infinitely forlorn in this atmosphere, a waste crossed and criss-crossed by rows of gray boulders, mostly upright, but some, by reason of the undermining of the clay soil, leaning away at a variety of melancholy angles. From the moment of entering the Cemetery, Horace was surprised to find how many other persons besides himself were remembering their dead at Christmas. It annoyed him. He would have liked to be the one faithful soul there.

On his long way towards the poorer quarter of the Cemetery—for even when they are dead the poor keep to their own neighbourhood and are still cut off from the rich—Horace passed at least a score of people carefully placing or carrying wreaths, while a few were rubbing the grime off gravestones with dusters they had brought with them. Most of the wreaths were of holly, but occasionally there was a magnificent affair—all lilies, palms, and satin ribbon. One was harp-shaped, with silver strings, and a white dove in small, close flowers just perched on the edge. This was intensely to Horace's taste. It would be worth having departed friends if one could express one's emotion in such a form.

His mother had a grave to herself. She had left a special sum for that. But it was not easy in this fog to find the place. Still, Horace remembered the number, "8818," and also that it was along the outer edge of the poor graves, bordering the path. When he reached it, an impulse that was not histrionic, but simply human, rose and overflowed his heart. "Oh, mother, what a Christmas for you!" he murmured brokenly. He had suddenly recollected how she had hated winter damp and cold, what wrapping-up of herself and him there had been on thick afternoons. A passionate desire to make up to her for something she had missed in her poor, hard life swept over him like a wave. Verily, he had loved her, though in a spasmodic, unworthy way; and now, as he stood, in his weakness, looking down at her dreary lodging, he felt as if no one had ever loved a mother more.

Turning his head, he caught sight of a fine holly-wreath which lay on one of the recumbent tombs that edged the path on the other side. Burning for expression as he was, he resolved, almost without conscious thought, that his mother's grave should not go through Christmas, among all these others, lacking its tribute of love. With an instinct of caution, he glanced up the path and down. Nobody was near, and the fog was far too shrouding to make his movements visible from any distance. Crossing the gravel, he lifted the heavy wreath off the rich grave, tore away and pocketed a visiting-card attached to it, and then—gently, and with a certain reverence of gesture—set the chaplet on the centre of his mother's little mound. As he immediately afterwards walked away out of the Cemetery, his heart was beating faster than usual and his cheeks glowed. Had he not just fulfilled the most touching of all obligations?

## OUR LADY OF ROMANCE.

Dear lady of the fond illusion,  
Enchantress of a world apart,  
You work disquieting confusion  
In too susceptible a heart,  
Whene'er, defying definition,  
You hover round me as I dream,  
Your moods a maddening transition  
From things that be to things that seem!

You are but one; you are a thousand.  
I know you: know you not at all.  
I pour my soul to you in vows and  
Behold you vanish at my call.  
Your name, beloved, who shall breathe it  
Nor mar its unimagined tone?  
Your fame, beloved, who shall wreath it  
With laurels it would not disown?

Or maid or wife (you're both and neither),  
'Tis no offence to love you well,  
For happy can I be with either  
According as you weave your spell.  
Sometimes I greet you Troywards faring  
At graceless Alexander's side,  
Thrice splendid in that love unsparing  
For which ten thousand heroes died:

Sometimes, O, holy Huntress Maiden,  
I mark you range the Lycian heights;  
Again, o'er Paphos, incense-laden,  
You float, the Queen of all Delights.  
You are, you're not, Diana Vernon,  
And of the Crossways, Dian too;  
Ah, be whichever you prefer; none  
Is e'er supremely, wholly *You*!—JAMES D. SYMON.



If present arrangements hold good, next Saturday (the 19th inst.) will be fraught with certain important theatrical arrangements. In the first place, Sir Charles Wyndham will then finish his present season at his New Theatre in order to make room for the new fairy-play production, namely, "Alice Through the Looking-Glass."

After a little rest, Sir Charles will proceed to think out the necessary preparations for his next production. This will be Mr. J. Comyns Carr's adaptation of M. Capus's play, "La Châtelaine." Mr. Carr, for the present, calls this piece "My Lady Rosedale."

At the moment of writing, there is also a statement abroad to the effect that next Saturday may be the date which Mr. George Edwardes will select for the production, at the Apollo, of the new comic opera, "Madame Sherry," which was, as I have hinted before, "made in Germany," as the saying is. That is to say, the music and the adaptation of the "book" were thus made. The original libretto was written to a German firm's order by that facile French librettist, M. Ordonneau, who furnished the original book of "La Poupée."



MISS MAY BELFORT,  
THE MUSIC-HALL SINGER, ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED TO  
THE BOER COMMANDANT, BEN VILJOEN.  
*Photograph by Bielavsky, St. Petersburg.*

The story of "Madame Sherry," as far as I have seen of it, is, in its actual basis, not utterly unreminiscent of certain French comedies of the "Prête-moi-ta-Femme" type. That is to say, an impecunious bachelor is so pestered by his rich uncle to "range himself" that the bewildered youth is fain to borrow a bride *pro tem*. It will be found, however, that Mr. Charles Hands (the War Correspondent turned playwright) has, in his work as chief adapter, treated this theme in quite a fresh fashion. The cast is, as is the case with all of Mr. Edwardes's casts, as powerful as money can purchase. The principal players include Miss Florence St. John as the pretended "Madame Sherry," Mr. Louis Bradfield as the pretended husband, Mr. Mark Kinghorne as the real uncle, and Miss Hilda Moody as his niece.

As to the rumoured date of the production of "Madame Sherry," knowing what I know of the present state of affairs and of Mr. Edwardes's careful and far-seeing methods, I warn you not to expect that production next Saturday, and, indeed, not for some days later.

A theatrical event to take place next Saturday at the Avenue is the production by Mrs. Cosmo Hamilton (Miss Beryl Faber) of Mr. Mostyn Pigott's new comedy, now named "All Fletcher's Fault." As I said last week, Mrs. Hamilton was negotiating for the Comedy, but that theatre has been secured by Messrs. Edwardes and Frohman for the transference of "The Girl from Kay's" thereto from the Apollo. "All Fletcher's Fault" has sundry interesting and clever people in its cast, including "Mr. James Erskine" (otherwise the Earl of Rosslyn), who plays an Earl; Mr. Norman McKinnel, who impersonates the faulty name-part (a butler); Miss Beryl Faber, who enacts the aristocratic cousin of the aforesaid Earl; Mrs. Maesmore Morris, as a flower-seller; and Mr. C. W. Somerset, as a street-sage. This last seems to be a sort of character which this fine comedian was wont to play in Surrey Theatre "local" blood-and-thunder melodramas. As in certain of those suburban melodramatic mixtures, the "big scene" in "All Fletcher's Fault" will be a

faithful representation of Covent Garden Market in its early morning—or "coffee-stall"—time.

At the Court Theatre every afternoon during Christmas-time will be given a children's programme composed of two plays adapted from well-known children's stories. The longer of the two will be a version of Grimm's story, "Snowdrop and the Seven Little Men." It will be in two Acts, with music. The story will be closely adhered to. The intention is to give a fanciful musical-play rather than a pantomime. In "Brer Rabbit," on the other hand, although the book will be followed as closely, the effects will naturally be of a more broadly comic character. And altogether, between the two plays, every department of childish taste will be cared for. Both plays have been written by Mr. Philip Carr, whose name will be remembered in connection with the authorship of another successful children's play, "Shock-headed Peter," and the music has been composed by Mr. Charles W. Smith. The season is under the management of Mr. R. Maynard.

#### A ROMANTIC ENGAGEMENT.

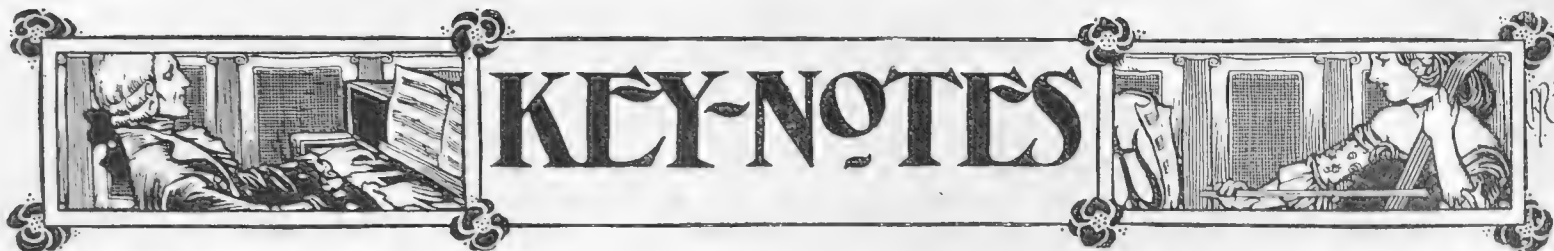
The engagement between General Ben Viljoen and Miss May Belfort may be considered a triumph for both Briton and Boer. Miss Belfort, it seems, became acquainted with the brave General some five years ago, and has ever since taken a kindly interest in his welfare. They met again when he came to this country after the War, and when Miss Belfort was on her way to South Africa for her recent tour both travelled by the same boat. During Miss Belfort's tour she saw much of General Viljoen, and eventually they returned to England together, landing at Southampton an engaged couple. General Viljoen is now in America, making arrangements for the Boer exhibit at the St. Louis Exhibition, while Miss Belfort has recently been appearing at Camberwell, and begins an engagement at the Palace Theatre next week. The marriage is expected to take place about the end of February, but the date is dependent on business arrangements.



MISS FLORENCE LLOYD, APPEARING IN "THE EARL AND  
THE GIRL," AT THE ADELPHI.

*Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*





THE theatrical interpretations given year by year by the Royal College of Music are always interesting to the critic, inasmuch as one is very often able to select students who show great promise and who very often at a later time make a name for themselves in a somewhat select artistic way. At the Lyric Theatre last week, under the direction of Sir Charles Stanford, Miss Nannie Tout took the part of Hänsel in Humperdinck's opera, "Hänsel and Gretel," and proved herself to be an artist of a very promising type. Miss Tout, if she pursues her career in music definitely and according to what is evidently her sense of personal power, should really be able to make a good public success in the future. In the same performance Miss Kate Anderson's Gretel was quite a charming interpretation, for she not only sang very prettily, but she also acted with a real sense of the comic-opera spirit. Mr. Aubrey Millward was clever and hard-working in the part of the Father, and Miss Clara Smith, though possibly a trifle weak, was satisfactory as the Mother.

The best point, however, apart from all individual merit, lay with the Chorus; they sang with a sense of tune and with a musicianly effect which one really very seldom gets from a professional *ensemble*. As a matter of fact, "Hänsel and Gretel" is admirably suited to youthful singers, for, as we all know, it was originally composed as a Christmas diversion in a private house. The minor parts were well fulfilled, and from every point of view the Royal College is to be congratulated upon the performance. Occasionally, as it has seemed to me, the ambition of these institutions has run beyond the possibilities of the pupils; yet the fact remains that, in choosing a work well fitted for the display of the voices of students, the musical critic is much more rightly informed as to the value of the teaching by which these schools are represented than by ambitious programmes which by trying to do too much invariably do too little.

Signor Busoni is a pianist of the highest rank. It is a very curious thing that his value should for so many years have not been universally recognised as quite exceptional and extraordinary. It is true that the critical world generally has received him as one who ranks among the greatest artists in his own line of the present time; but there seems to be a certain hesitation as to whether he shall be placed in the same rank as a Paderewski or even a Pachmann. Nevertheless, whatever may be the reason for this hesitation, Busoni cannot be regarded otherwise than as a musician of the very finest quality. That which makes one come to this conclusion is the fact that he plays bad music so well as almost to persuade one that the music which he plays is good. For example; in Liszt's "Grande Fantaisie" upon Donizetti's "Lucretia Borgia" his technical accomplishment was so extraordinary that one would think it to be quite unique even in these days, when technical difficulties seem to have no terrors for a generation which prefers rather to be heard than to move. Busoni, however, possesses both the qualities of his defects and the defects of his qualities, which is the same thing as saying that he belongs partly to the generation which knew not virtuosity and which cared very much about expression, and partly to the generation which had no feeling whatever for expression but thought that all art lay in expression. The result is that he can play Beethoven in a most masterly fashion and that he can also play the most frivolous music with an admirable sense of lightness. Perhaps it is owing to this amazing versatility that he has not altogether achieved the rank which by right belongs to him; for, indeed, we believe that among living pianists Busoni has scarcely a rival.

Berlioz seems nowadays to be the musical rage; and although I have recorded a theatrical performance of the Royal College, I have

also to chronicle a concert given in honour of that great musician's Centenary towards the end of last week. The most interesting performance of the evening was the dramatic symphony "Romeo and Juliet," which was quite delightfully played. This is a work which always seems to have a peculiarly pathetic interest, inasmuch as that within its pages one seems to recognise the embryo of all modern orchestration. Practically, there is no idea in our up-to-date orchestra which is not foreshadowed here. It is no wonder that things went badly with Berlioz, who stretched forth so prophetic a finger towards the future, caring nothing about his own present, save for the daily quarrels that were to a large extent the oxygen of his artistic life. Liszt, Wagner, Strauss, Elgar, all these men, although in poetical feeling and in a certain nice sense of proportion they have surpassed the master who, in his exaggerated and violent way, set all modern orchestration in flight, still owe an enormous debt to that immortal

Frenchman who realised more than any composer that has ever lived the meaning of every separate orchestral instrument that has yet been invented. The present writer has seen a bust by Rodin which apparently was a mere facial torso; yet by some subtle hint of the great sculptor's art one realised, behind the veil and crudity of the external covering, the magnificence of the hidden face, the intellectuality of the unrealised portrait. Berlioz is exactly to the modern musical world what that bust is to the art of sculpture. You may call his work unmelodious, unfinished, dry, rhetorical, insignificant, unpleasing, subtly unmusical, what you please; the fact remains that out of the artistic loins of Hector Berlioz the whole modern musical construction has come; in fact, behind that dim torso of an artist there reigns all the meaning and nearly all the accumulative accomplishment of the modern orchestral world.

Mr. Frederick Lamond gave a Pianoforte Recital at the Bechstein Hall two or three days ago in which he proved himself once more to be an artist of genuine and solid value. Perhaps the best thing of his concert was Field's Nocturne in A Major, a work which, as so many people have already pointed out, anticipates quite extraordinarily Chopin's work in the same field of art. His Schumann-playing was,

perhaps, a little lacking in delicacy, although he certainly showed great earnestness in the interpretation of the famous "Carnaval" music. Mr. Lamond's greatest quality is that he is not only an unpretentiously great player, but that he is also a greatly unpretentious artist; he never offends.

COMMON CHORD.

Herr Ferencz Hegedüs, the Hungarian violinist, has made a name in London second only to that of his countryman, Kubelik. Born at Fünfkirchen in February 1881, at the age of four he had already begun to play the violin, and when only eight was working seriously under a Bohemian master. Three years later he had attracted the attention of several distinguished lovers of music in his native land, with the result that till he was eighteen he studied at the Buda-Pesth Conservatoire, where he gained a special diploma. He then became Conductor of the Opéra-Comique in that city, but, after filling this post with great success for a year or so, decided to devote his whole attention to the violin. He gave his first concert in London in 1901, and then toured on the Continent, afterwards returning to England. In the spring and summer of the present year he gave several concerts at the St. James's Hall, when, though his violin was but an imitation of a Gasparo di Salò and of inferior quality, he increased his already great reputation. Having replaced this spurious instrument by a fine Guarnerius del Gesù, Herr Hegedüs gave a recital at the St. James's Hall on Nov. 26, gaining the warm applause of his audience and unanimous approval from the critics.



HERR FERENCZ HEGEDÜS, THE CELEBRATED HUNGARIAN VIOLINIST.

Photograph by Histed, Baker Street, W.



*Handy Little Cars—The Holidays—Lamps—How to Keep Warm.*

IT would seem that the praise I have bestowed from time to time upon the Oldsmobile cars, which are handled in this country by Messrs. Charles Jarrott and Letts, has been fully deserved, for is not the same borne out by the award of a gold medal to one and a silver medal to the other Oldsmobile which ran so well and so consistently in the One Thousand Miles' Reliability Trials carried out last autumn by the Automobile Club? The success of these handy little carriages is remarkable when the conditions of the trials are borne in mind. Day in, day out, they ran their allotted distance without touch of spanner or turn of screw, unless marks were lost for such attentions, and that very few were so lost the awards testify. But just how many were docked for such stoppages, to which the average automobilist pays very little heed, cannot be known until next week, when the total number of marks gained will be made public. But, in order to appraise the medal awards at their true worth, it should be borne in mind that these guerdons are given chiefly by reason of the excellent condition in which the whole mechanical economy of the cars was found by the examining Judges at the end of the trials. This, from the purchaser's point of view, is, of course, the crucial test, and from that the little Oldsmobiles have issued triumphant.

Should the weather remain open and Jupiter Pluvius not too generous with his watering-pot, motors will serve to take heaps of people out of town for the Christmas holidays. Many of the hotels on the South Coast confidently anticipate quite an influx of motorists for the "festive season." Special preparations are being made, particularly at Warne's Hotel at Worthing, which enjoys an extensive automobile connection, and is, moreover, one of the best-managed and most comfortable hotels on the coast.

Acetylene-lamps, or *phares*, as our French friends are pleased to call them, however distracting and bewildering to other users of the highways, are undoubtedly an immense comfort to automobilists when driving at night along tree-lined country-roads. In view of the fact

that these extraordinary light-projectors are of such value to us all, we should in connection with them take some thought for the comfort of other road-users. Purchasers should take steps to have cowls fitted on the lamp-cones in such a way that the rays are thrown downward and forward and do not strike upwards, wasting their brilliance in the upper air and blinding the drivers of every other vehicle encountered, to say nothing of pedestrians, who are likely to do quite the silliest things upon being so dazzled. The rays of light from the *phares* should rise little if anything above the horizontal, and should diverge sideways to embrace the width of an ordinary country-road about fifty to sixty yards ahead of the car. If two lamps are carried, their brackets should be so arranged and set as to cause the light from the pair to converge and concentrate, as I have suggested. The other day, I was shown two acetylene-lamps which were provided with dark shutters operated from the steering-wheel, and by which their bright rays could be instantly cut off in case of meeting a scared horse.

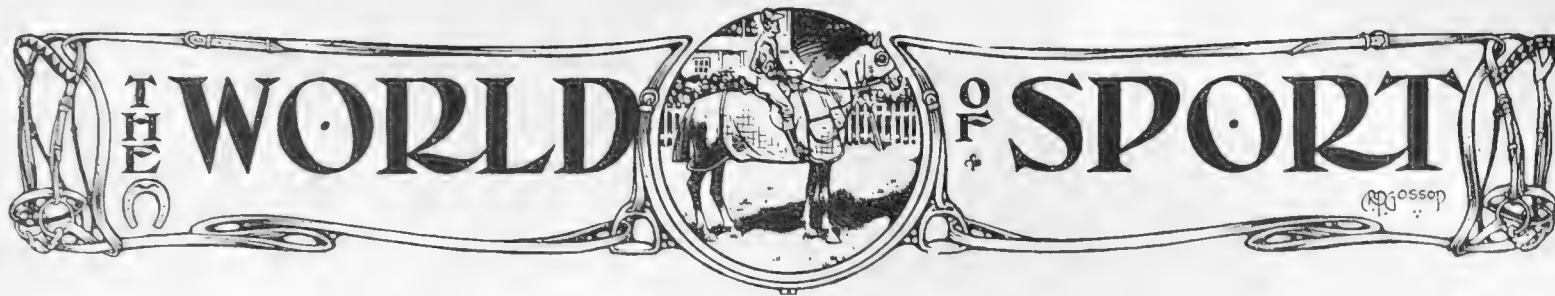
Motoring in cold weather is as delightful a pastime as in summer, so long as those so indulging are properly clothed and protect the upper part of the face and the eyes from the impingement of the blast. But the most difficult parts of the body to retain at a comfortable temperature are one's passengers' feet—the driver always keeps warm—and this difficulty is particularly experienced with ladies on either the front-seat or in the back of the car. Foot-warmers are all very well, but these do not retain their heat for an appreciable length of time, while foot-bags will only keep, not make the feet warm. I know patents have been taken out for serving foot-warmers with the exhaust, but no apparatus of the kind is at present on the market. It would not seem very difficult to make a properly covered metal case to occupy the foot-space only, into which the exhaust gases could be led in any desired proportion by a length of flexible metallic tube. Then, with a rug or two over the knees and the foot-warmer underfoot, our lady passengers would be as cosy as possible on the coldest day.



MOTURING IN NORMANDY: A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

DRAWN BY GEORGES REDON.





*The Outlook—Cross-country Jockeys—Bloodstock—Spring Entries—The Gate.*

UP to now the jumping business has been fairly interesting, though selling steeplechases have yielded badly, and I do think the National Hunt Committee might allow an afternoon's programme to be made up of four hurdle-races and two steeplechases, one of the latter to be a selling race or not, at the option of the executive. It is pitiful to see the same old troops of selling 'chasers opposing one another, day in and day out, with varying results. On the other hand, the hurdle-races generally attract large fields of good performers. The truth of the matter is, owners will not risk good animals over the deadly ditch, except in the case of the Grand National. With Mr. H. T. Barclay and Mr. Bulteel selling off the majority of their jumpers, new-comers are wanted. As I have before mentioned, the Duke of Westminster is very fond of the cross-country game, and he may go thoroughly into the sport. I am told, too, that W. Jarvis has found a new patron who is very rich.

The proposal to grant the apprentice allowance in weight-for-age races under National Hunt Rules is one that should commend itself to all lovers of steeplechasing. True, many members of the old gang

will patronise English racing in 1904. Mr. Faber, who trains with Sam Darling, has some good horses in training. This notwithstanding, we want more, and I hope we may find them.

The entries for the Spring Handicaps will be published on Jan. 7, so that we have not long to wait before getting out our guide-books once more. Old-stagers aver that good autumn horses make good spring horses—that is, in the absence of a hard winter. Bread Knife, who was beaten a neck by Fulmen for the Lincoln Handicap many years back, had done all his training on the snow at Malton. Nowadays, the tan track and the covered rides are brought into use when King Frost holds sway. A prevailing opinion is that Fallon holds the key to the situation in the Lincoln Handicap of 1904, while Mr. Sullivan may have a likely candidate. Already some horses have been backed with the Continental List men, but it would be unfair to mention the names just now. One thing I feel convinced about is that Torrent will win a long-distance race next year, and I think Likely Bird and War Wolf will pay for following—that is, of course, provided they are not crushed with weight.



HALL BARN, WHERE LORD BURNHAM WILL ENTERTAIN THE KING ON THE 19TH INST.

*Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W. (See "Small Talk of the Week.")*

are short of mounts, but I take it that they have themselves to blame for this. They either would not or could not win on horses that on paper held unbeatable chances, and they deserve to suffer. I believe that National Hunt sport would have flourished years ago had some of the jockeys shown more consistent form in the saddle. It is necessary to make every allowance for the accidents that are pure accidents, liable to take place over the sticks every day, but I have been told of jockeys who were artists at falling off their horses or who ran wide the whole way round a mile circuit. The apprentice allowance ought, at least, to put some of the older riders on their mettle, and for that reason alone it should become an accomplished fact. Further, owners should take an interest in seeing their apprentices making headway.

The December Sales at Newmarket produced a very fair return, considering the prevailing tightness of money. Mr. Whitney and the Messrs. Keene obtained good averages, but many of the other lots went at common hack prices, and it is questionable whether breeding racehorses is a paying game at the present time. Luckily, we have many owners like His Majesty the King, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Westminster, and others, who breed horses for their own racing purposes. Probably the Earl of Rosebery will in the near future run all his bloodstock, for owners are wanted on the Flat badly. Lord Bradford may, I am told, have a few horses running next year, and I believe Lord Penrhyn is going to increase his stud. Rumour has it that Mr. Whitney junior will continue to run horses in England, and that Mr. Vanderbilt, who has a large stud in France,

William I'Anson, who is certainly one of our most experienced trainers, takes exception to the starting-gate, but I do not think the gate is to blame for many of the bad starts we experience; and one thing is certain, we shall never revert to the bad old system of starting by flag. At the same time, it behoves our Turf Senators to look about and discover the most complete system for starting by gate successfully. I have shown how successful Mr. R. Fige has been in starting races in France, then why not copy his methods here? Starting from a chalk-line fifty yards behind the tape would, I take it, very materially reduce the chances of a fiasco. The subject is so important that I, for one, must continue to agitate for reform until we get it. But to condemn the gate because one or two accidents—expensive accidents, I admit—have taken place during a season's racing is not politic. The bed-rock fact stands that starting by gate has been successful in France and Australia, and it now behoves the Stewards of the Jockey Club to make the machine a success in England.

CAPTAIN COE.

King Edward paid a very extensive round of visits on the Continent this year, and next year he will travel even more, though, perhaps, his visits will not be quite so important. The King will spend the spring on the Riviera, and after that will go for a yachting trip in the Mediterranean on board the Royal Yacht, calling at Athens on his way to see his brother-in-law, the King of Greece. Later on he will visit the Czar of Russia, the King of Sweden and Norway, and the King of Spain.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

AN article of jewellery is certainly the most popular form a Christmas gift can take for a woman, and it is now possible to indulge this taste without excessive drain upon the pocket. We illustrate a few articles selected from the stock of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, ranging in price sufficiently to tempt a millionaire or meet the limitations of the most moderate purse. The first, a necklace of fine diamonds, the stones set on knife-wires with large

"drop" diamond in centre, the fringe terminating with two loosely tied diamond bows; next, a scroll and leaf diamond-circle brooch with trefoil centre of three pearls, an effective but inexpensive ornament; thirdly, a single diamond loop-bow brooch with trefoil lace border, the trefoils separated by olivines, stones which are having a wonderful vogue just now; then a diamond scroll with fine platinum chains running through, set with small diamonds at intervals. The pendant to same is formed by two exceptionally fine coloured opals, this charming necklace being also one of the really

inexpensive gifts of which Messrs. Mappin and Webb have such a collection. For the pretty diamond bow and tie, which, excellent though our sketch is, must be seen to be appreciated, I had a most consuming desire, the loose diamond tassels dropping in the most graceful fashion. The remaining illustration is of a scroll and leaf openwork diamond pendant, with turquoise centre and single diamonds hanging loosely. This may be transformed into a brooch when desired. A host of similar and equally charming gifts are illustrated in the Special Christmas Booklet, sent free on application from either of Mappin and Webb's show-rooms, 158-162, Oxford Street, W., 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and 220, Regent Street, W., whilst a personal visit will reveal a bewildering variety of new designs, entirely pleasing without necessitating very extravagant outlay.

The art of giving the most expensive presents at the most infinitesimal cost is one that, if it were more generally "understood of the people," would be widely and eagerly availed of at this season, without a doubt. To solve the apparently irreconcilable problem has been given to Benson and Co., Limited, of 25, Old Bond Street, who, by the introduction of the deferred-payment system, have opened up a welcome vista to the British public and others. The pleasant possibility of obtaining valuable and costly jewels by moderate monthly payments was undreamt of a few years ago, although it had been long quite a well-known practice when furnishing one's house. Benson and Co., who initiated it, found, however, an immediate and appreciative response on the part of their customers. Thus, for instance, if one buys a ring or brooch costing £20, a monthly payment of 20s. seems easy enough, or a tiara costing £100 is made possible by ten monthly instalments of £10. A very comprehensive catalogue of jewellery and watches and silver-plate is issued by the firm, both at the Bond Street house and at the other branches of 62, Ludgate Hill, and

28, Royal Exchange, which contains full-sized illustrations of each, while a smaller one, especially brought out for the Christmas season, is full of seductive and delightful designs, a few being reproduced on this page of especially novel design that are not shown in catalogue. The pendant is a revived and most graceful form of jewel which "went out" for years, but is now produced in such artistic forms that its popularity and permanence are assured. The same may be said

of ear-rings, which are now widely worn amongst the better classes; of these Benson and Co. have a liberal and lovely selection in new shapes and patterns. The gold or jewelled cross, once an almost universal wearable, is again amongst the successful revivals, and at Benson's one will find highly artistic reproductions of mediæval crosses as well as specially designed novelties of the latest and most effective form of jewellery. Moderation in price as well as refinement in design seem especial characteristics of Benson's. For example, a bracelet of large-sized Indian rubies,

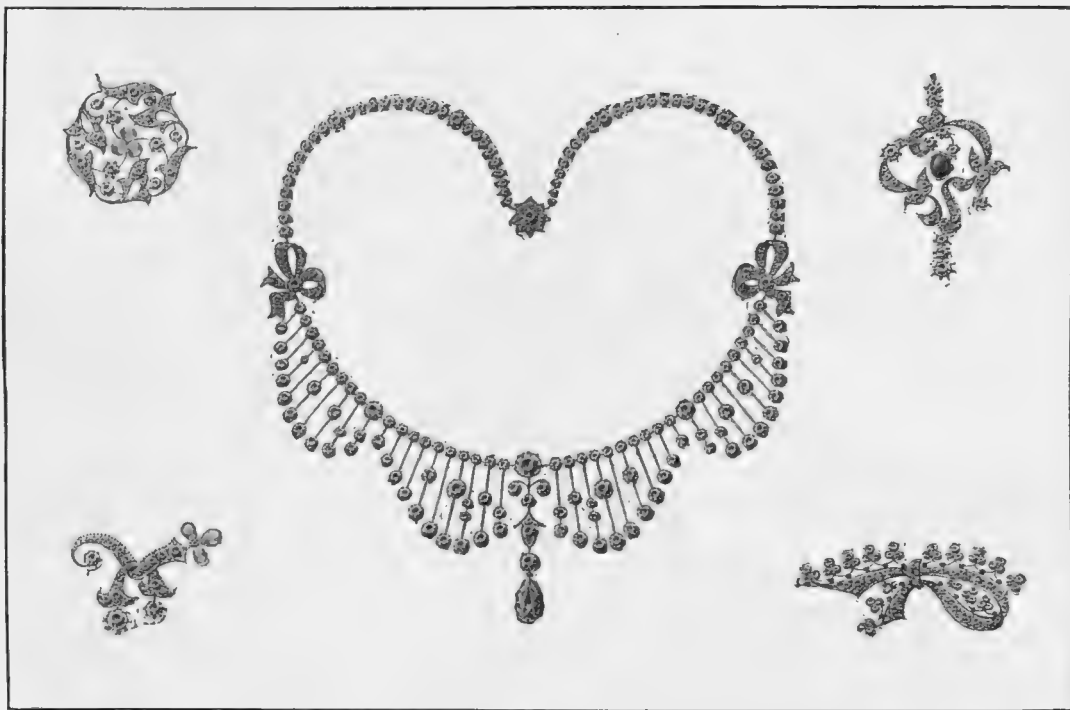
emeralds, and pearls strung on a dainty chain costs only five guineas, and there is a diamond crescent-moon brooch for six guineas, and another of the seasonable mistletoe spray in diamonds for the same price. Naturally, Benson's jewels can be spelled in five figures when the buyer has a mind to expand to their proportions, but smaller sums are noted here that it may be plain how get-at-able good jewellery can be to the generous if modestly pursed fairy godparent who may be bent on dispensing Christmas *cadeaux* to receptive groups of nieces and grand-daughters.

In this age of emancipated women-folk, every dame and many damsels share the honours of the front-door key with their husband and big brothers. But, though an essentially useful possession, the latch-key has never been hitherto considered a purely ornamental one. Those who sport a "Bramah" lock can, however, remedy all that. The "Bramah" key essentially lends itself to decoration from

its size and shape, and a friend of mine has had a most novel Christmas gift presented by her husband in the shape of a gold key, made to fit their "Bramah" lock, with diamond-inlaid handle.

This novel charm dangles from bracelet or chain and is the smartest and most acceptable present possible. These invaluable "Bramah" locks can, by the way, be made to a master-key in suites, with subordinate keys for outdoor servants or employés, each independent of the other, but all opening to the master-key, and at 100, New Bond Street, most interesting examples are shown of this idea. Here also can be seen a smart selection of Christmas presents—despatch-boxes, writing-desks, jewel-cases, dressing-bags, and many other dainty devices in leather, articles

which will appeal to the good taste and possessive mood of both genders. Very well-got-up catalogues will also assist the country cousin who is unable to get up to town, and these are sent out by Bramah and Co., on application at 100, New Bond Street, by return of post.



NEW JEWELLERY AT MESSRS. MAPPIN AND WEBB'S.



PRETTY PRESENTS FOR YULETIDE AT BENSON'S.



Bond Street on dusky winter afternoons has a charm entirely its own, with gay jewellers'-shops making bright splashes of light across the pavement, and the hurrying kaleidoscope of well-groomed men and smartly frocked women breaking through the misty shadows of a London street in December. Chief amongst the luminous attractions of classic Bond Street, Streeter's gorgeous windows always attract a crowd of well-bestowed gazers, not alone from the intrinsically magnificent display therein, but largely by reason of the original designs and notable combinations in jewels for which Streeter's are famous. At the present artistic moment, when cloak-clasps and waist-buckles are favourite toys with superfine Madame Mondaine, Streeter's have some superlatively smart designs on view. One cloak-clasp

of particularly admirable composition is being shown of chased gold-work richly set with pearls, and at one side a fine aquamarine surrounded with various coloured precious stones; in the other side is a beryl of similar size surrounded by kindred jewels—the whole effect barbaric and gorgeous exceedingly. A convertible tiara and necklace of specially becoming outline is illustrated on this page, and a corsage ornament of similarly fine diamonds set as a rose-and-mistletoe spray recommends itself as the last word of elegance and suitability as a Christmas gift. An exclusive novelty and one which will give endless possibilities of amusement is the gold spinning dice-charm, which has all the numbers of a dice-cube set in different gems—rubies, sapphires, pearls, and so forth. This dainty toy can be worn on the bangle; it costs only three guineas, and gives endless fun at any festive gathering where a little mild gamble is admissible. Some crystal-and-pearl pendants at very low prices strike one as also eminently suitable for benevolent dispensation. A pony-brooch of fine diamonds, admirably modelled, is one of many desirable *bibels*; a superb diamond-and-turquoise necklace, the blue stones surrounded by brilliants to form clusters and connected by Louis Quatorze bows in diamonds, is worth seeing; and there is a quite distracting diamond-and-turquoise aigrette to match—a triumph of gem-setting and smart to a miracle. Addenda for the toilet-table, writing-table, or pocket in hammered gold are profusely evident, and that difficult question, "what to give a man," is answered in many charming ways at Streeter's. Entirely new departures in silver-ware will all be found here—richly chased pot-pourri boxes, the new Sheraton style in brushes, caskets, trays, which will be admired because of its restraint and simplicity; perpetual calendars in silver and enamel, and many other delightful trifles exclusive to Streeter's and of the utmost moderation in price which will amply repay being interviewed.

It has come to be an admitted fact that any house nowadays is incomplete without a Pianola attachment of some sort, and, as a result of this universal demand, many new developments have resulted, with great advantage to the latest purchasers. Foremost amongst specialities of the Orchestrelle Company, at 135, New Bond Street, is the Metrostyle, which, as an addition to their famous Pianola, enables the performer to exactly interpret the spirit of the composer or the individual reading of any great artist, no matter what the piece or subject to be played. A sketch showing the Metrostyle in action is given here, and possessors of the invaluable Pianola should visit the Æolian Hall and listen to a demonstration of its extraordinary powers. With the easy terms of deferred payments offered by the Orchestrelle Company, no one should be without one of these invaluable Pianola instruments in their houses.

Every reader who has or is about to have occasion to make house-urnishing purchases, and who, consequently, is interested in securing furniture, carpets, curtains, &c., of the highest class at clearance

reductions, should write at once for a copy of the illustrated Catalogue of Hamptons' Great Annual Clearance, Jan. 4 to 30, 1904. It is eight years since Hamptons' Great Annual Sale was instituted, and the enormous increase year by year in the number of people to whom it is *the* event of the London Sale Season which they never fail to attend is the best possible proof that purchasers find the saving they effect is always so great that the opportunity is one which they cannot afford to neglect. This illustrated Clearance Catalogue, which is sent free on application, gives full details of the extraordinary and never-elsewhere-obtainable bargains in every department of house-furnishing, and of the great reduction at which these high-class goods will be cleared out to provide room.

When Sainsbury's deserted 176 and 177, Strand, where they had led an existence of lavender-water and chocolate for over sixty years, a landmark was taken away—the first of many that have followed in that neighbourhood, and one much regretted by faithful *habitués*. Regent Street is all the gainer, however, by the smart shop which Sainsbury's have opened at 136 of that thoroughfare—and here, as of yore, the same excellent lavender-water is dispensed, and, again, those pure fruit-syrups with which children and grown-ups of more than one generation are

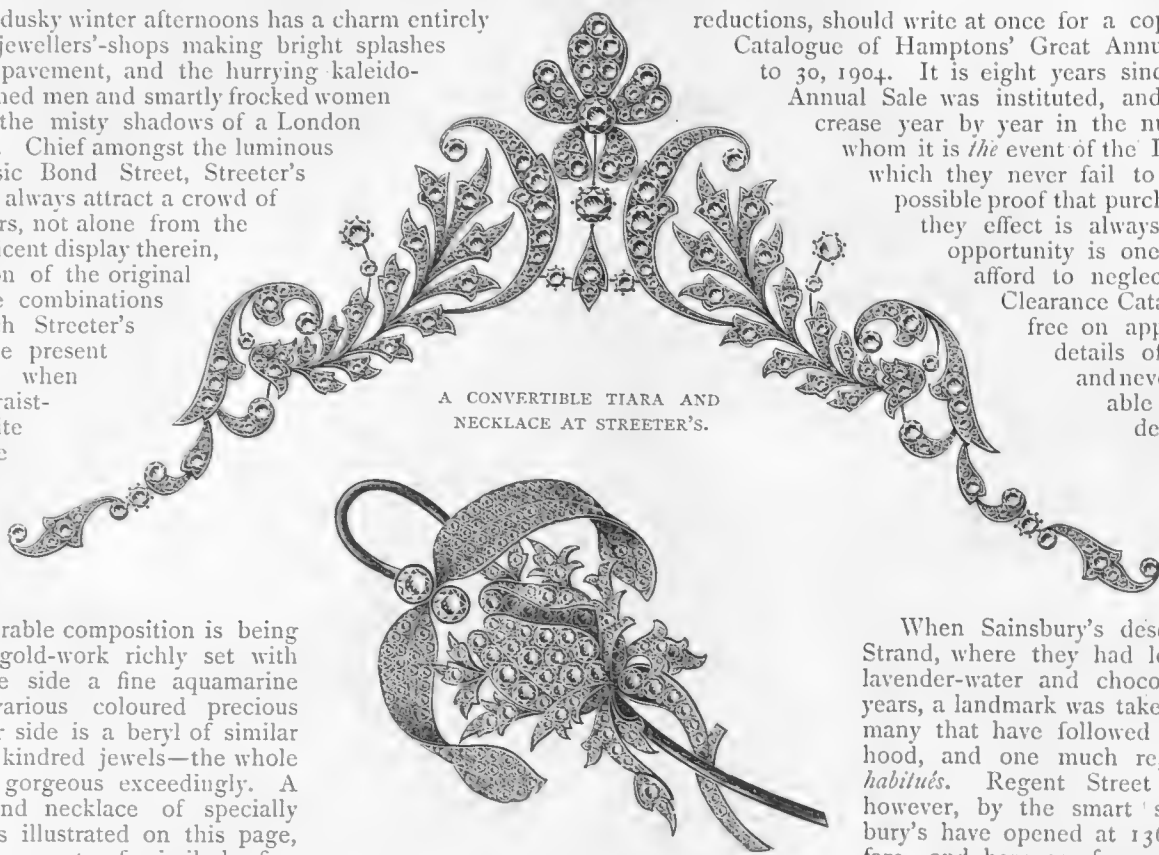
alike familiar and fond. As agent for Marquis's Chocolates, Sainsbury's have a very varied assortment of those supremest of all bonbons. Smart square or round boxes tied with gay ribbons are shown from two shillings to ten guineas, while some specially delightful cases to contain them are exhibited in Japanese work, one of their most precious woods—Karim—being exclusively used, and this is decorated with landscapes of pearl and *laquer* in the style of the first Japanese artists. So exclusive are Messrs. Sainsbury about their specialities that all these boxes are made in Japan from original designs submitted by Eastern artists, so that similar work cannot be obtained elsewhere, an advantage that also applies to their Labrador baskets and inlaid wood caskets from Emile Galle's wonderful workshops at Nancy. All senses are, therefore, pleased at Sainsbury's. There are lollipops for the sweet-toothed, perfumes for appreciative nostrils, and little masterpieces in boxes and caskets for enclosing both to appeal to purely artistic instincts.

Amongst many who are making straight the paths of present-givers at Yuletide may be mentioned Oetzmann and Co., of Hampstead Road, whose show of silver and electro-plate novelties—specially purchased for Christmas—is the sensation and admiration of their particular neighbourhood. Although no especial catalogue has been issued by the firm for this particular season, extensive preparations have been made in its honour of the aforesaid and other novelties, while in all matters relating to inexpensive furniture suitable for *cadeaux*

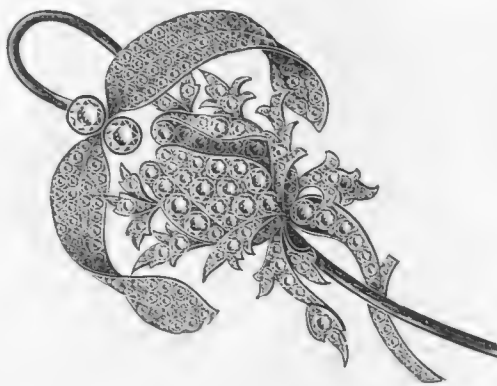
Oetzmann's may be justly recommended as "quite wonderful at the price."

In answer to many notes from country cousins who, being more or less remote, cannot get up to town before Christmas, let me add here that the Parisian Diamond Company issues a fascinating little booklet, giving prices and exact reproductions of all novelties brought out for this season, which will be sent on receipt of a post-card either to 85, New Bond Street, 143, Regent Street, or 37, 38, and 43, Burlington Arcade. As answers to correspondents have a way of being crowded out at this overflowing season, let me also add here that the several prospective travellers

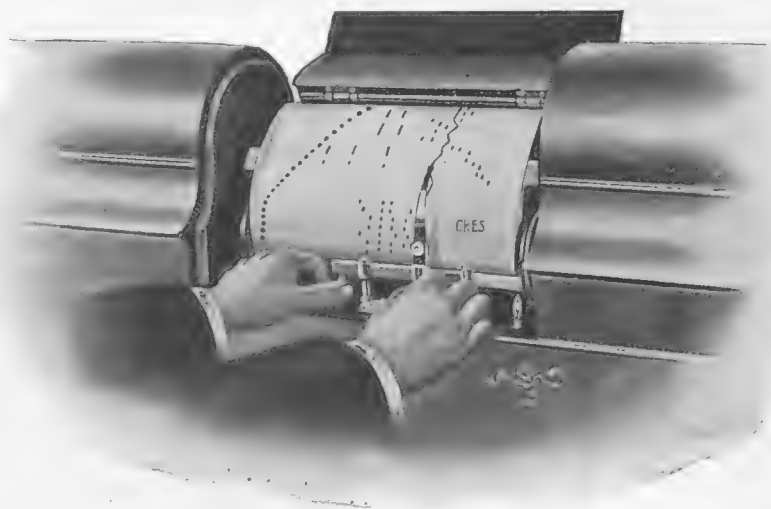
going Riviera, Cairo, and Madeira-wards who write asking about skin-tonics, skin-foods, and the rest cannot do better than arm themselves with some travelling-flasks of "Crème Simon," which is at once the most soothing and beautifying preparation possible, easily carried, and obtainable at any good chemist's. The "Crème Simon" soap



A CONVERTIBLE TIARA AND NECKLACE AT STREETER'S.



CORSAGE SPRAY OF MISTLETOE IN DIAMONDS AT STREETER'S.



THE ORCHESTRELLE COMPANY'S METROSTYLE IN ACTION.

and face-powder are invaluable accompaniments to one's toilet-kit either at home or abroad.

Those well-known chocolate and cocoa manufacturers, Messrs. Fry and Sons, of Bristol, always send out their wholesome and delicious



A BONBONNIÈRE AT MESSRS. FRY AND SONS'.

wares in a variety of forms. For children, one can buy Fry's chocolate in all sorts of boxes; while for ladies one can get *boubonnières* of various forms that will serve a useful purpose when the sweetmeats are consumed. The boxes or cases are covered with silk and hand-painted in the more expensive forms; in cardboard also there are many very pretty caskets. Of course, when filled with Messrs. Fry's own manufactures these are doubly enticing.

Foremost amongst big City purveyors who supply the teeming

millions of this vast village with provender and all other possessions, Spiers and Pond, of Queen Victoria Street and Water Lane, stand pre-eminent. From Christmas hampers for healthily hungry school-boys to dainty furs or jewellery for their mothers, all the gamut of Christmas gift-giving is played and every possible object of use or ornament set attractively forth. Umbrellas with handles grotesque or picturesque, fitted dressing-cases and "week-end" bags, the latest novelties in silver-ware, cigar-lighters, Bridge scoring-tablets, trinket-boxes of new shape and design, syphon-stands in pierced electro-plate or silver cuckoo clocks, charming bronze statuettes, folding writing-tables which tuck away into the smallest space behind piano or door and are such "handy" accessories for bedroom or boudoir. Then there is the Burlington Cabinet, a miniature bureau for collars, cuffs, and all the small addenda of the masculine wardrobe; toys without end for the children, mechanical amazements down to the Dutch doll or Noah's Ark of many past generations of youngsters. Uncommon effects in table-decoration are to be met with in the china and glass department; prettily inlaid drawing-room tables, finely cut perfume-sprays, amber-mouthed, silver-mounted briar-woods for the men-folk of the family, and a hundred other objects calculated to give pleasure to donor and recipient on Christmas morning. One cannot pass the jewellery department at Spiers and Pond's without a glance at the pretty and inexpensive trinkets displayed on all sides. There are gold brooches in "New Art" tracery, studded with turquoise and pendent pearls, from 13s. upwards, chain bracelets set with the same jewels from two guineas each, gold tie-clips at 7s. 6d. a pair, pretty gold hat-pins set with turquoise for half-a-guinea. But, besides this moderately priced bijouterie, Spiers and Pond display an immense variety of new designs in diamond brooches, corsage ornaments, bracelets, and tiaras, so that the more costly tastes of the prosperous can be as suitably provided for as the ten thousand others who, unlike the lilies of the field, have to toil and spin the livelong year. Spiers and Pond's catalogue is an epitome of many wants, wishes, and necessities. It should be sent for by all in doubt as to the purchase and bestowal of suitable Christmas presents.

Messrs. Hewetson, of Tottenham Court Road, are showing many specialities in silver and brass ware for Christmas, not to mention the old Welsh oak furniture with which their name has been so long associated—the gate-leg table in many sizes, old oak clocks, ancient cradles now used for wood logs, and other quaint relics of past days. Hewetson's have issued a new booklet, entitled "Distinctive Furnishing," which gives many interesting items and particulars that necessarily cannot be alluded to here. In it a variety of useful and welcome presents are indicated attractively. Some of the more modern fumed oak shown also at Hewetson's is interesting by reason of its solidity and excellent outline on classic models. There is, for instance, a fumed oak single-pedestal table of original design very moderately priced, and a model of an old carved oak-seat chair for thirty shillings; a neat, strong, dwarf oak bookcase with cupboard underneath, excellent for study or smoking-room, and a myriad other interesting and seductive articles suitable for seasonable gifts at the extensive premises occupied by Hewetson's at from 213 to 204, Tottenham Court Road.

Christmas and comfort are usually supposed to be synonymous terms nowadays, the wild festivities and heroic appetites of our forbears in olden Yuletides being replaced by a more somnolent attitude of mind and body on the part of their, alack! decadent descendants. Possibly, as our brains work more actively, our minds and limbs take more holiday when holiday-time comes. At all events, we are an unequivocally arm-chair generation, and the art of lounging is to-day well understood of the people. Acting, no doubt, on this knowledge of twentieth-century human nature, Messrs. Foot and Son, of 171, New Bond Street, have produced in their patent "Marlborough" arm-chairs the very acme and apex of rest and luxury. They are scientifically proportioned, thoroughly well-made, and offer, moreover, the possibility of changing one's position a dozen times in

an hour if required—always so important and necessary with the restless invalid or convalescent. For instance, by turning a small knob, any desired angle may be obtained—the seat can be tilted backwards or forwards, the leg-rest raised or lowered, the back slanted or set upwards, until the ideally comfortable position is attained. Equally suitable to boudoir or smoking-room, library or office, are these desirable "Marlborough" chairs. Invaluable to growing young folk, reposeful to the brain-weary man of business, grateful to the tired sportsman, they appeal to all classes and should find a place on the hearth of every well-considered household. In response to an inquiring post-card, Foot and Son will forward a descriptive and well-illustrated catalogue showing various versions of the reposeful "Marlborough" chairs, which are as moderate in price as they are luxurious in possession.

The new dentifrice, "Odol," in its quaintly shaped flasks and of penetrating sweet odour, has come to stay. Its virtues are many, its drawbacks none. Microbes die at its fragrant approach; its antiseptic qualities preserve the teeth, sweeten the breath. A few drops in a tumbler of lukewarm water is sufficient. Smokers will find their once dusky dentals become snowy white under the gentle manipulations of "Odol," which may be had of all first-rate chemists as well as from the Odol Chemical Works, 26, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E.

No less indispensable in every corner of the household where cleanliness and comfort are desired is the unique and only "Cloudy Ammonia" fluid prepared by Scrubb of European and Transatlantic fame. For the bath it is exhilarating and refreshing in the last degree. In the laundry, clothes to which it is applied become of snowy whiteness without injury to the finest lace or cambric. Grease-spots disappear at its approach, and silver takes on a new lustre when washed in water to which Scrubb's Ammonia has been added. An excellent soap known as "Scrubb's Antiseptic Skin Soap" may be noted in this connection, as it is quite pure, non-alkaline, and, therefore, specially applicable to delicate skin and the nursery. Both are sold by all good grocers and chemists, and should be never absent from pantry or store-cupboard.

SYBIL.

The Christmas Number of *To-Day* is a marvellous twopennyworth. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome himself contributes "A Clearing House for Authors," which contains a good deal of characteristic humour in a very few lines. Among the many authors represented in its sixty-four pages may be mentioned W. L. Alden, Fred Whishaw, S. L. Bensusan, and G. B. Burgin. Some of the illustrations are very good, but others, unfortunately, needed a better quality of paper to do them justice.

In these progressive days any invention that makes for the improvement of matters relative to our health and comfort is of special interest. One such invention, due to Dr. Glover Lyon, has just been installed in a suite of rooms at the Criterion Restaurant, in the form of a new and more efficient system of ventilation than has hitherto prevailed. Briefly described, the air is filtered through cotton-wool, and is thus freed from fog microbes and all solid impurities.

The St. Ermin's Hotel, situated in the immediate neighbourhood of St. James's Park, has now attained for itself an enviable reputation. The additions and alterations which have been made under the management of its present Board of Directors have all tended to the comfort and convenience of its visitors. Especially worthy of notice is the complete system of telephonic communication all over the hotel, by which the visitor is always in immediate touch with the management.

On Dec. 19 will be published the Special Illustrated Christmas Number which will mark the commencement of a new era in the development of *Land and Water*. On and after that date the journal will be printed on fine-art paper, and will be known as *Land and Water Illustrated*. A special coloured cover has been designed by the well-known sporting artist, Mr. Cecil Aldin, and with every copy of the Christmas Number will be presented a beautiful reproduction in colours of Turner's famous picture, "The Fighting Temeraire."

In aid of the Chelsea Royal Victoria Hospital for Children, three performances of "Little Miss Nobody" will be given at the Court Theatre to-morrow (17th), Friday, and Saturday. The performances will be under the direction of Mr. Augustus Bingham, who will also conduct the orchestra, and the ladies and gentlemen of the cast have kindly given their services. His Royal Highness Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein has signified his intention of being present to-morrow evening. Applications for tickets may be made to Miss Nina Tichener, 27, Iverna Court, Kensington, or to Mr. R. Cecil Lambkin, 115, Ladbroke Grove, W.

"Whitaker's Almanack" for 1904, just published, contains all those features which have for so many years past made it an indispensable work of reference on all sorts of subjects. An entirely new feature, entitled "A Political History of the World in 1902-3," deals with the British Empire as a whole and with various groups of foreign countries. The "British Empire" section, showing our share of the world's commerce, statistics of trade for fifty years, details for the past twenty years, bullion figures and food imports, will be of special interest to Fiscal inquirers. "Whitaker's Peerage" for 1904 makes a simultaneous appearance. Handy in size and neatly bound, it contains several improvements and a great variety of information carefully edited and brought up to date.



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Keeps the Skin Soft and Smooth Even in the Hard Winter Months.

## THE NURSERY SOAP

Protects from ALL INFECTIOUS DISEASES

4½ A TABLET.

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A PRACTICAL AIR-GUN

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The most reliable and accurate Air-Gun ever put on the market. Not only more accurate, but shoots stronger than any other. Suitable for Small Game. Used in the principal Air-Gun Clubs all over the country. Correctly sighted and beautifully finished, 25s. and 35s.

ASK YOUR DEALER to show you one, or send for Illustrated List to the Sole Proprietors—

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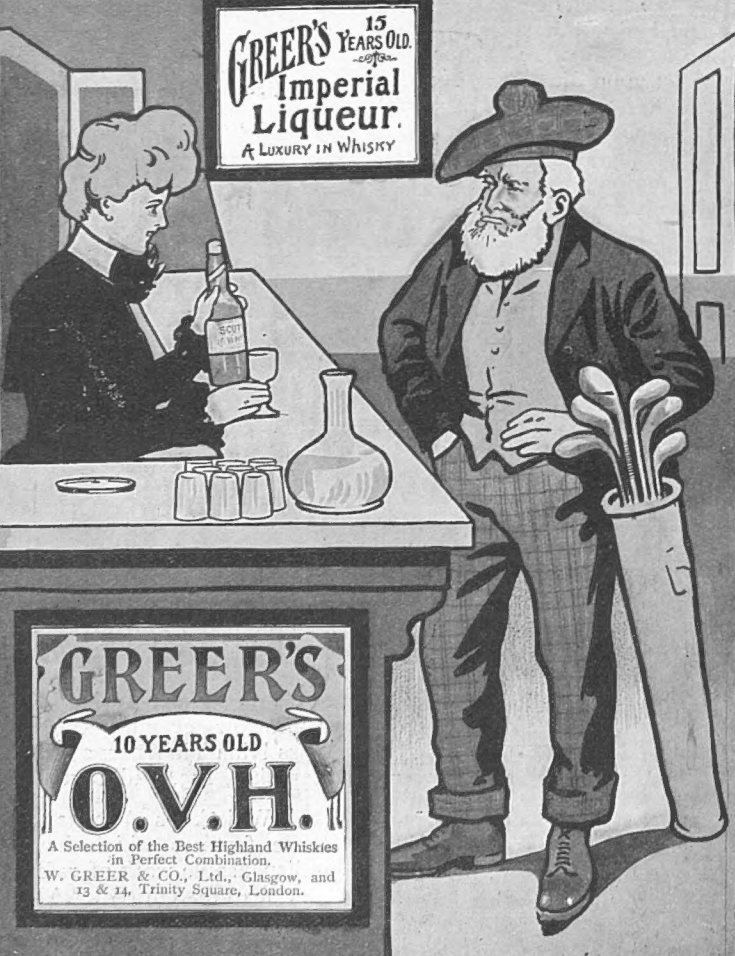
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A LUXURY IN WHISKY

**GREER'S 10 YEARS OLD O.V.H.**  
A Selection of the Best Highland Whiskies in Perfect Combination.  
W. GREER & CO., Ltd., Glasgow, and 13 & 14, Trinity Square, London.

SHE: Sold out of "GREER'S"! Plenty of other kinds!

MAC: No "GREER'S"? 'Then I'll just tak' a glass of cauld water!

There is something to Interest every Sportsman in

## THE SPECIAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF LAND & WATER ILLUSTRATED

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A unique feature is the Golfing Article:

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**DR. W. G. GRACE** writes as an enthusiast on **BEAGLING**. He is also the inventor of a New Game described in this number.

**HOMES OF BRITISH SPORTSMEN.** A New Series with Beautiful Illustrations of Interesting Homes.


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Drawings by **Cecil Aldin, G. H. Jalland, Cuthbert Bradley, Finch Mason, &c.**

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A Delicious Dish at a Moment's Notice.  
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# HALFORD'S



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## INDIAN CURRIES

Chicken, Rabbit, Mutton, Lobster, Prawns, Sauce, Powder, Chutnee, Paste.

THE "ORIGINAL" AND ONLY GENUINE.

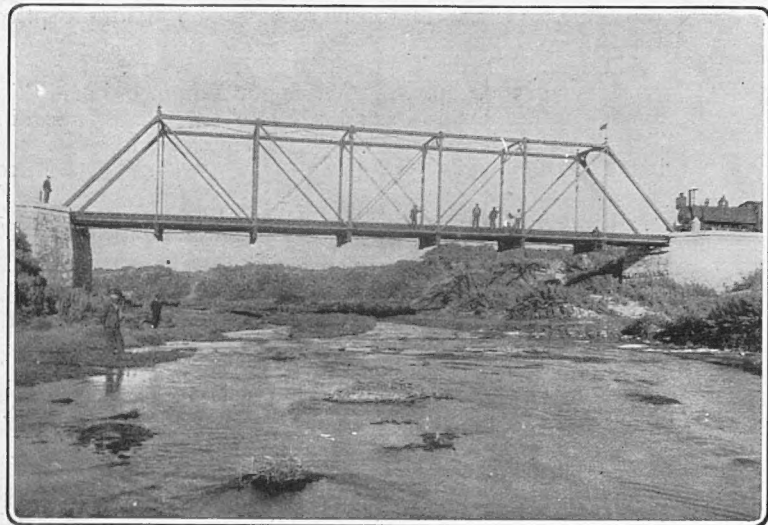


## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 28.*

## NEW ISSUES.

IT is a great pity that there are so many competitors for the apparently very small amount of available money which the British investor is inclined to part with, for nothing would conduce so much to an improvement in Stock Exchange matters as a drastic law forbidding all new issues for the next two years. Of course, no promoter or Corporation would appeal for money unless



THE ANTOFAGASTA RAILWAY: THE CALAMA BRIDGE.

driven by dire necessity, but the trouble is that there are so many starving concerns about. The Johannesburg Loan looked attractive enough—so attractive that many hard-hit underwriters thought they were sure to get home upon it—and yet the issue has no sooner proved a fiasco than we have Port Elizabeth and the Canadian Pacific Railway offering their wares to unwilling buyers, and all the world knows that the London County Council is to ask for £5,000,000 shortly, to say nothing of a probable Local Loans issue of the Government, and huge amounts which will be needed for the purchase of the Waterworks Companies and the Irish Land Act within twelve months.

Times are not over-prosperous, and the savings of the nation are not enough to provide for the borrowing that continually goes on, so that it is small wonder if the gilt-edged market shows no sign of any real improvement. There may be a good bit of money tucked away in the shape of Bank deposits or hidden in old stockings, but it looks as if it would take the good old 5 per cent. to which our fathers were accustomed to bring it out.

## ARGENTINE AND OTHER RAILWAYS.

Surprise is hardly likely to be felt if the Argentine Railway Market should quiet down in interest and prices within the next few weeks, and, strongly as we feel convinced that the Argentine Railway stocks are mostly bound for better levels, a check to the recent fervent bullishness will do no harm. From the last carry-over indications, it is evident that the bulls are quite numerous enough to bring about a sharp decline if anything should happen to cause a stampede in that division, and it may be just as well to secure profits in advance of the dividend declarations. Good results—much better than those of the corresponding period last year—have now been to a large extent discounted in the current prices, and, while the traffics cannot but cause stockholders a weekly thrill of satisfaction, there is the possibility that the Argentine Railway Boards will follow the example of the Canadian Railway directors in putting large sums into the roads while the days of prosperity enable them to do so without starving dividends. The Buenos Ayres and Rosario traffic-increase of over £900,000 is magnificent, and the market talks of a 5 per cent. dividend on the Deferred Stock, as well as on the Ordinary. Holders for investment can afford to look on complacently, but perhaps the speculator had better not run his stock too near the dividend-time, lest he get left behind.

In the same department as that for Argentine Rails there is found the market for Antofagasta stocks, and we are able by the courtesy of the Company to publish two pictures this week, one of which gives some slight idea of the scenery on the line. The Antofagasta Railway runs through part of the territory whose ownership recently caused so much dispute. At one time largely dependent upon a noted silver-mine for its traffic, the railway is now doing a more general business, and its steady progress has served to direct attention to Antofagasta stock, which, for a speculative lock-up, has much to recommend it.

## WESTALIANS AND WEST AFRICANS.

Although it is improbable that the leading West Australian shares will be permitted to fall again to the unduly depressed prices that

ruled two or three months ago, it cannot be said that the market is enjoying much popular support. Certainly a few of the largest dealers hitherto engaged in the Kaffir Circus have removed their tents to the Westralian fields, but, if their former market were to resurrect, we think we could guess how long it would be before the emigrants went back to their original stands. The advantage of the principal Westralian shares over those of the Kaffir Circus lies chiefly in the better-paying character of the former in regard to dividends, but where South Africans score is in regard to the erratic way that ore-chutes jump about from one Kangaroo property to another. The shareholder never knows when he may wake up to hear that the lode from which his mine has been paying handsome dividends has suddenly developed a freakish tendency to leave his property and pay a visit to some other near at hand. In the case of Kaffirs, constancy can be relied upon far more implicitly than it can amongst Westralians; and this is putting the facts of the differently-formed natures of the reefs in their simplest way.

West Africans are dull as ditchwater, and present all the appearances of remaining so. Bullish tips continue to be put about: we hear continually, as we have heard for the past six months, that it is right to buy Wassau, Amalgamated, and their kindred crowd. Unfortunately, the tips have little more to support them than this bare statement of opinion. If anything good can come out of the Jungle, it will be Ashanti Goldfields, and those who can afford to put away high-priced shares such as these do stand a chance of "coming home" in the future.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas to everybody!" cried The Jobber, as he leaped into the carriage like a schoolboy.

The Broker gave a sharp exclamation of pain. "Adjectived ass!" he blurted out. "What d' you want to come in like that for?"

"Same old corn, Brokie?" inquired the offender, cheerily. "You ought to thank me for trying to stamp it out. Don't suppose you'd have the pluck to do it yourself."

"Might as well try to stamp the folly out of your own head," retorted the injured one.

"Grin and bear it," laughed The Engineer.

"Been a bull of it for so long that——"

"We will now change the subject," observed The Merchant. "It's much more interesting to discuss Kaffirs."

"All going better in the New Year. Hurrah for Nineteen Hundred and Four!" The Jobber was certainly in spirits higher than the prices of his market.

"Do you think so, really?" asked The Banker.

"Why not?" the optimist calmly answered.

"Why yes?" The Banker countered him.

"Because, my dear sir, it seems to me we shall have alien labour for a certainty—the mines will soon be prolifically producing——"

"Good phrase," murmured The City Editor.

"——and the good old public will be so anxious to retrieve some of its past losses that it will rush—simply rush—to buy Kaffirs when the big houses make a really concerted movement."

The Merchant pencilled a note on a slip of paper and handed it to The Broker, who smiled and asked him, audibly, "You mean it?"

The Merchant nodded affirmatively.

"I want to deal in a hundred East Rands," announced The Broker. "Make me a close price?" and he turned to The Jobber.

"Oh, I say, that's a bit thick, don't you know! Why not wait till the market develops? It may be anything in an hour's time."

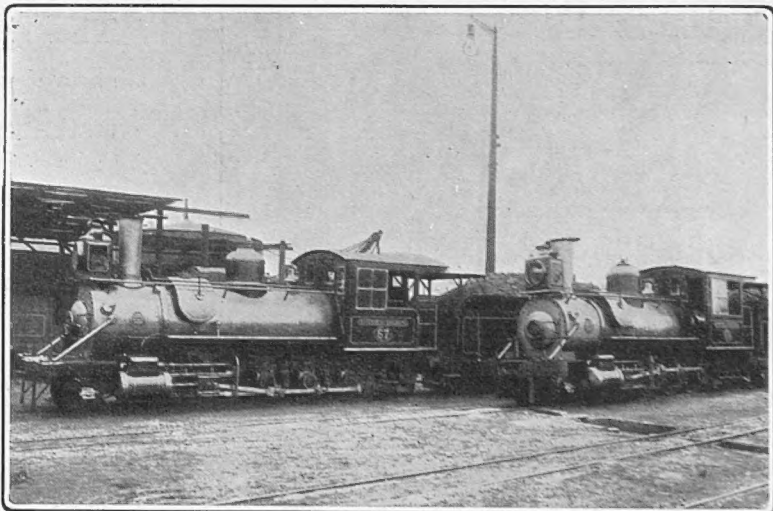
"My client wants to deal now," was the reply.

"M," said The Jobber. "Let's have a look at the paper."

He scanned the news and borrowed The Banker's *Times*. "Not much there," he commented, returning the paper.

"Well?" The Broker interrogated. Everyone was watching to see how a bargain is done.

Evidently The Jobber was perplexed. "It'll have to be a wide price," he said.



THE LATEST TYPE OF ENGINE IN USE ON THE ANTOFAGASTA RAILWAY.



The Broker waited.

"East Rands left off three a-quarter in the Street last night."

"That means seven and three-sixteenths to seven and a-quarter, I suppose?" observed The Merchant.

"Quite so," The Jobber confirmed. "But I'm not making a-sixteenth price now, I tell you candidly. Why can't you wait till the market opens, Brokie? You know I can do better for you then?"

To The Broker's telegraphed query The Merchant shook his head.

"Oh, all right: I don't care. Seven to a half in your hundred shares."

"Don't waste my client's time," The Broker observed.

"I'll make you an eighth price if you promise to deal. There now! Shan't come a sixty-fourth closer."

"No good," returned The Broker. "At a three-thirty-second price I'll deal."

With much muttering as to beastly screws and other uncomplimentary references, The Jobber again considered his paper. "Call yourself a sportsman?" he said, frowning like the crumpled newspaper.

Still The Carriage watched with rising interest.

"Oh, well!" he cried, at last. "May you be rewarded, that's all! I'll make you three-sixteenths to over a quarter."

"What does that mean?" asked The Merchant.

"He makes me  $7\frac{1}{16}$  to  $7\frac{3}{32}$ ," The Broker answered. "Sell you a hundred."

"Just my luck!" grumbled The Jobber. "Shot him the wrong way. Thank you, sir!" recovering his cheerfulness as he booked the bargain on his cuff.

"And I will buy them back at 7," pursued The Merchant to The Broker.

"Take your limit," and The Jobber made another note on his cuff. "That all right, Brokie?"

And The Carriage laughed as the limit was left.

"Go on," said The Jobber. "Anybody else want to deal? I may as well be hanged for an elephant as a bull."

The Broker looked at his wounded foot tenderly. "I think," he began—

"My fancies are all for Home Rails," The City Editor interrupted him.

"That's right," The Engineer approved. "Your papers stick to something heavy, and you will come out all right in the long run."

"It may be a longer run than some of us are likely to get," put in The Merchant.

"Never mind! So long as the newspapers confine themselves to puffing gilt-edges and suchlike unimpeachables, we won't accuse you of corruption. I appeal to the Chair."

The Banker was not expecting this, but he hastened to give cordial assent. "I have not been asked the traditional question about Consols," he reminded them, with a smile.

"Well, I'm hanged!" ejaculated The Jobber.

"You will be if you're not careful," The Broker told him. "When is the tide to turn in the gilt-edged market, sir?" questioning The Banker.

"Has it not turned already?" and the old gentleman rubbed his glasses meditatively. "Consols have advanced quite appreciably of late."

"That is so, but other things have not gone with them to any extent," The Merchant complained.

"Is that so?" The Banker looked a little incredulous. "I thought they had risen rather considerably from the lowest prices touched this year."

"But will they go better still?" persisted The Broker.

"When money gets cheaper, in February or March, I should think that the high-class stocks will stand a fair chance of appreciating further," The Banker said, with the air of closing the discussion.

"And Home Rails will go up on the dividends," declared The Engineer.

"Sleepers, awake!" quoth The Jobber, as appropriately as irreverently, making a hasty exit.

Saturday, Dec. 12, 1903.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

STAGE.—The City Editor of this paper does not give advice about going on the stage. Write to one of the theatrical papers, such as the *Era*.

KRAO.—We should think not.

C. H. H.—The shares are pretty hopeless. If your friend is able to see it out, let her hold; but if the call would be very inconvenient, get out.

WANDERER.—The Tea shares cannot get a dividend until arrears are wiped off, but things are looking up. The Company was greatly over-capitalised. We have little faith in either of the Investment Companies, and especially the London and New York. From the auditor's remarks on the balance-sheet just issued, it appears to be even more rotten than we had previously imagined. We do not care for the Shipping shares, especially as the Company is engaged in a big battle with the Cape Shipping Ring. In most Shipping Companies the managers get all the cream and leave only skim-milk for the shareholders. The Company you inquire about is not among the best of its class.

E. C. B.—We believe that lotteries such as those of Hamburg City are honestly conducted, but, of course, the chances are greatly against your getting a prize.

CRITICUS.—Tintos at present price are a gamble, with (in our opinion) slight odds against you. Nile Valleys the same, with the odds the other way.

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